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THE DYING BIRD.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

It was a day of rain;
The window pane
Was dripping with its wet;
The wind went moaning by,
And in the sky
Clouds hovered dark as jet.

And at my window flew
A bird; I drew
Within its trembling form;
A bird without a nest—
Unto my breast
It flattered from the storm.

In hovering it revealed
A wound concealed
Beneath its tiny wing;
And yet, with clearest note
Swelled its small throat,
And sweetly it did sing.

But this was its last song,
Though pure and strong.
Was it its pain to hide?
One gush of melody
Outpouring free,
And then the lone bird died.

Some, like this dying bird,
Have oft been heard
To warble free and gay,
Although there might be found
A cruel wound
Sapping their life away.

ERCELDEAN,

—OR—

The Price of a Heart.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," &c.

CHAPTER XI.

It was a pleasant occupation to put all the pretty costly things away in the drawers and wardrobes—indeed it and other proceedings were altogether delightful—the choosing of horses, carriages, jewels, servants; and the one great fact that they were rich, and could have just what they wished, was a happy realisation to Lady Lennox and her daughter. Beatrix was slightly bewildered—not wildly elated, as some girls would have been, but bewildered. It was all new to her, this luxury and magnificence—new to her who had lived after the hardy fashion of a mountain-maid, who had known but the simplest life and enjoyed the simplest fare, who had drunk water as a daily beverage, and even in the depths of the coldest winter had never known the luxury of a fire in her bed-room. There could not have been a greater change; and Peter Lennox watched his niece anxiously to see how she bore it. She was calm, dignified, and serene; there was no undue elation, no excited manner, no *hauteur*. Peter Lennox said to himself that she was indeed "to the manner born."

In this manner "Prince Charlie's" daughter began her new career; there was nothing lacking that her heart could desire; the world lay at her feet, as it does at the feet of those who have youth, beauty, and, above all, wealth.

It was long since any one so fresh, beautiful, and original as Beatrix Lennox had been seen in the great world. There was a singular charm about her—she differed so much from other girls of her own age and station. The simple truth and faith that she had breathed in, as it were, with the mountain air differed from the trained artificial manner of others. She never lost sight of the one great purpose of her life—the restoration of the glories of the house of Lennox. Looking at her beautiful face, one read a noble purpose in it. She laughed, she danced, she sang; she was queen of every ball, of every *fete*; she moved amongst men with a quiet serene grace and dignity that many a duchess envied; yet deep in her breast, deep in her thoughts, the mainspring of all her actions, the suggester of all her words, was this one idea—the restoration of her house. It had become a sacred duty to her, a sacred trust, the one thing for which she lived. Of herself she thought little or nothing; her identity as a Lennox was everything. People who knew the history of "Prince Charlie's" daughter, and how her youth had been spent, wondered where the girl had acquired her royal grace and dignity, her perfect ease of manner and self-possession. She seemed always like one whose thoughts were far distant; the noble soul that looked out of her dark eyes appeared to be far away from the little trials and cares of every-day life—in fact, wherever she was, whatever she was doing, her thoughts were centered on that one object—the honor of her house. She accepted all the homage, flattery, and adulation that was offered to her, not as a tribute to her own personal beauty, but as a tribute paid to a Lennox.

How eagerly she read all the stories and legends in which the name of Lennox was celebrated! The library at Erceldean held the annals of the family. She read them, thought over them, pondered them, until her heart was on fire with ambition and longing that the old race should hold its own again. She gladdened her uncle's heart by talking to him incessantly of the glories of the Lennox family.

"I have discovered one thing, uncle," she said, "which makes me prouder than ever—none of them did evil that good might follow. They did not marry for money; they did not sell their principles or their honor, they never bartered one jota of faith for any worldly interest; so I am proud of them—they are a race of heroes, uncle."

He delighted in listening to her. She was a thorough Lennox, he declared. Beatrix had a passion for truth; she could not have spoken falsely to save her life. She held truth far dearer than life; her simple notion of honor placed truth at the head of all the virtues. "Just like a Lennox!" said her uncle proudly; and he told her of a Lennox who lived in the warlike days of bonnie Scotland who might have saved his life by one false word, but who refused to utter it, dying with a dauntless smile of defiance on his lips. "I have never lied," he said, as they led him to death, "and I never will."

"I am glad that I came from such a race," she would cry, her heart beating fast with triumph, every pulse thrilling with exultation. "I would rather be a Lennox than a princess. I think I can boast like that favorite hero of yours, uncle. I have never spoken falsely deliberately, and never shall."

Gentle Lady Lennox was almost alarmed at these strong expressions.

"No one admires truth more than I do," she said; "but Beatrix, you must always avoid being abrupt."

"You may just as well tell me, mamma, to fire off a pistol in a crowd," Beatrix laughed, "but not on any account to kill any one. The great want of the world at the present day seems to me to be want of truth."

Peter Lennox congratulated himself on having gained such an ally; he flattered himself that he fully understood the noble nature of the girl whose mission it was to restore the fortunes of their house. To Beatrix herself the fact of having such a mission almost atoned for her having had to leave Strathnarn. That wild, free, untrammelled life had become a second nature to her, and, after having fallen into one error by almost believing the whole world of men bad and unworthy, she now fell into another through living as though the whole world were but one vast field for the Lennoxes. She did not care much about the wonder of her beauty—she cared only that she was a Lennox; she cared little enough for the praise and the homage that were given to her; she would have infinitely preferred her wild, free life at Strathnarn to the gilded saloons of the great world. Its atmosphere stifled her; she came home from crowded ball-rooms, from the Opera, from concerts and *fetes*, longing for one scull across Loch Narn, or one glimpse of the sunlight on the heather. Yet she must work for her mission, she said to herself—she must live for her race.

Her ideas of honor and truth gave rise to many curious remarks. She overheard her mother and the Duchess of Elmslie conversing one day about Lord Montresor, one of the greatest of *roues*. The Duchess was telling the last scandal about him—how he had persuaded a foolish fair-haired girl, the only daughter of a clergyman, to run away with him, and then fought on French soil the brother who went to rescue her, and maimed him for life. Beatrix listened, her beautiful face flushing with indignation, her dark eyes bright with anger; she turned suddenly to the astonished Duchess.

"And this man—this Lord Montresor—is still received in society?" she interrogated.

The Duchess shrugged her shoulders.

"We cannot make the world entirely good," she said; while Lady Lennox interposed—

"You must not discuss such matters, Beatrix."

"Then—pardon me, mamma—you should not mention them before me. Have I to meet such men as Lord Montresor?"

"They are unfortunately to be met with here and there," said her Grace of Elmslie, who rather enjoyed the discussion.

"I would never countenance him," declared Beatrix. "If he came to any house of which I was mistress, I would have him thrust from the door."

"Hush, my dear!" said gentle Lady Lennox; while the Duchess laughed.

"But indeed I would, mamma," persisted Beatrix.

"My dear Duchess," said Lady Lennox, when the two ladies parted, "I must beg of you never to mention such matters before Beatrix. She has rigid notions of man's honor and woman's purity—it would be a serious matter to disturb them. If she ever meets Lord Montresor, she will be sure to say something that were better left unsaid."

"I think," remarked the Duchess laughingly, "that your daughter will prove to be a very notable addition to society."

That which Lady Lennox had feared happened. Lord Montresor was present at a ball given at the French Embassy, and Lady Dalton brought him up to introduce him to the belle of the evening, the lovely Beatrix Lennox. Lady Dalton never forgot what followed. At first Beatrix did not quite hear the name; when she did so, and knew who it was stood before her, she drew her figure to its full height, her face flushed with indignation, her dark eyes seemed full of anger. She looked at the handsome, evil face with its self-complacent smile.

"I decline," she said, "to allow Lord Montresor to be introduced to me."

Her voice sounded as clear as a silver bell; and those near her stood still to listen.

"I am a Lennox," she continued, with a haughty upraising of her head. "We do not number traitors and cowards amongst our associates."

"My dear Miss Lennox," gasped Lady Dalton, almost beside herself with dismay—in all her well-bred life she had never undergone such an experience—"my dear Miss Lennox!" She could say no more.

"This young lady seems to have received a very unfavorable description of me," said Lord Montresor, his handsome face growing livid, an ugly smile curling his lips.

Beatrix never deigned to give him a glance, her proud eyes were turned from him. She spoke to Lady Dalton.

"I have an impression that this is the man who once shot and maimed for life a young brother who went to avenge the wrongs of his sister; under that impression, allow me, Lady Dalton, to decline most distinctly to be annoyed by even the mention of such a person's name."

She swept away with calm nobleness, leaving one of the most startled groups ever seen in a London ball-room.

Lady Dalton was a picture of distress, Lord Montresor muttered a bitter, ugly word, and for a few minutes there was an uncomfortable silence. It was broken by old Lord John English, who had witnessed the scene.

"Miss Lennox has spoken well," he said. "I, for one, approve of her conduct. I wish every lady in England had her courage. Our wives and daughters then would not be compelled to meet people whose very presence is an insult."

He waited for a reply. Lord Montresor made none. Evil of repute, evil of heart, utterly bad as he was, he felt some respect for the girl who had dared to rebuke him as no one else had. He was rich and handsome, and for that reason many sins had been forgiven him that would not have been pardoned in a poorer man.

This scene with Beatrix ruined him. She had said simply what others thought but had not the courage to say. He did not appear much after that in English society. As the story spread, door after door was closed against him, and at last he went abroad and was heard of in England no more.

Before that night closed the story was told in half the club-rooms of London; and the next day it was retailed everywhere.

Scandal-loving old dowagers smiled together and said that, if Beatrix Lennox refused introductions to all except the good and the untainted, her circle of friends would be one of the smallest ever known. Lady Lennox was alarmed, her brother-in-law was delighted.

"The child was right," he said. "What reason had a man stained with such sins even to look at her."

Beatrix herself did not seem to think that she had done anything at all out of the common way. To her, simple believer in honest truth, there was nothing unusual in saying just what she thought. If society did not like it, then society must please itself. She, a Lennox, smile, bow, talk, touch the arm of a man who had been a traitor and a coward—she would have died first! When the Duchess of Elmslie heard the story, she laughed and said—

"My young friend is original—she dares to speak her mind. If many people did that, the very foundations of society would be shaken."

Beatrix went on her serene, calm way, utterly indifferent to what was said. She had merely spoken the truth.

CHAPTER XI.

It was a new and pleasant life that Peter Lennox, with his sister and niece, led in London. The Belgravian mansion was one of the most spacious in London, and certainly one of the most splendid. They were a very united family. Peter Lennox always breakfasted with the two ladies. The breakfast-room opened on to a neat little lawn, where flowers grew in rich abundance and the gleam of the golden sun was always pleasant. Mr. Lennox liked to linger over the breakfast-table—he liked the pretty room, with its dainty rose hangings, gay chintzes, and white lace—he liked the odor of the roses and carnations which came in from the open windows, the gay, bright flowers, the table with its choice china, its elegant glass and silver—he liked to see his beautiful niece, the queen of society, looking fair and fresh as the morning, with the loveliest of colors in her face—"a bloom of roses," he called it—he liked to see Lady Lennox in her pretty morning dress and cap.

There was nothing that Peter Lennox enjoyed more than hearing Beatrix describe at the breakfast-table all that she had seen and heard on the evening preceding. Her keen appreciation of the ridiculous, her quick sense of humor, her vivid imagination, made her a narrator of no mean power. He enjoyed her conversation more than any ordinary pleasure. And at the morning meal they discussed all the plans and arrangements for the day. Peter Lennox did not go much into society. He went to solemn dinner-parties, and attended his club, but it was seldom that he went to a ball if there was any one to chaperon his niece; he avoided all great gatherings. But, in spite of that, he was a man of great influence. That he was a millionaire was known all over England. Few men in London were more respected.

After breakfast he went invariably to his library, a large room, all crimson and oak, with richly-stained glass windows. There he read and answered his letters, managed his business affairs, and had interviews with his solicitors; there he spent the quietest, happiest hours of his life, always studying what he could do for the benefit of his estate, studying what would best conduce to the glory of the Lennoxes of Erceldean. When his business was all finished, he went to his club, and returned to meet the ladies at dinner. After dinner they went to fulfill their different engagements, and he spent the evening as best pleased him.

"How you love Erceldean, uncle!" said Beatrix one morning, as she followed him to the library, and there saw a map of the estate spread out on the writing table.

"Yes," he replied; "and yet, as a boy, I thought so little of it. That was when your father was there, and I, by his side seemed always ungainly and awkward. I did not think much of Erceldean until your father was dead; and then I knew that if I failed in any way the name of Lennox of Erceldean must pass into obscurity. That inspirited me, for such a noble and ancient race ought not to die out ingloriously. Now Erceldean is my child, as it were, my study, my one love; to add to its greatness is my chief delight."

"Yet it seems a lonely life for you, uncle," said the young girl. She was not over-demonstrative, not much given to caress; but her arm now stole gently round his neck. "To live for the honor of a name, to plan and think and study for the benefit of an estate—it seems a cold, hard, lonely life for you, uncle."

She saw a sharp quiver of pain pass over his face—it was gone in a moment—and then he laid his hand upon her head.

"I love you, Beatrix—you are my child and my heiress—I love you and your mother."

"Yes—but we are not quite your own, uncle, you must want a keener interest than even we can give you."

"I am satisfied, Beatrix," he said.

"But, uncle," she continued, "you would not be human if you did not long for ties of your own—a wife to love you, children to love you."

He held up his hand with a warning gesture.

"We are never to talk of that again, Beatrix—you have forgotten."

"But, uncle," she said, bending over him, "you say I am your child. Why not trust me?"

His face grew white and his lips trembled.

"Do not tempt me," he replied—"I—I cannot."

"You have a secret in your life, uncle," she said—"I know it—I have always thought so—a secret. It is in your face; there are such sad lines round your lips and on your brow—lines such as a secret makes and leaves."

"Yes, you are right, Beatrix—I have a secret; but the grave is closed over it. Do not talk of it, my dear—you would not love me better if you knew it. I was not human when I was young—I was cast-iron, granite. I committed no crime, but —— There—do not talk of it, Beatrix."

She looked up at him in wonder.

"I should not like to keep a secret locked up in my own breast in that fashion, uncle," she said; "it would burn my heart away."

He looked at her with thoughtful dreamy eyes.

"You will never have a secret, Beatrix," he told her. "You are a truer Lennox than I am. You have more of the Lennox fire—you have more frankness. Ah, Beatrix, the deep sea rolls between me and my secret, great sandy deserts, steep hills, the mighty stretch of the prairies; yet, though it be so far away, it stands by my pillow, it walks by my side, it sits by my chair, it whispers in my ear, it never leaves me by night or by day; and after all it consists only of the mistake of a man who was granite instead of flesh and blood. Beatrix, never speak to me of this again."

He rose from his chair as he spoke and stood quite still for a few moments. She watched him. Presently his manner changed completely. He turned to the writing-table, and took up a large white envelope with a crest upon it.

"This is from the Duchess of Elmslie, Beatrix, take it to your mother, and see what she says."

She went up to him and clasped her arms round his neck. She raised her lovely face to his and said simply—

"I have always loved you, uncle, and I shall love you better now that I know that you have had a sorrow in your life which no one has guessed but myself."

Then she took the letter from his hand and went away.

Lady Lennox was in the drawing-room, where Beatrix joined her. She wondered what the Duchess had to say. It was soon known. The brief letter ran—

"Dearest Lady Lennox,—Do not forget my ball on Thursday night. You seemed doubtful about coming. Try to come. Let Beatrix be certain to do so. Dress her in the most bewitching fashion. Some one whom I like very much is anxious to meet her."

"Who can that be?" said Lady Lennox, as she finished reading the note. "Of course you must go, Beatrix, and equally of course I must take you."

"My godmother is very imperative," remarked Beatrix, with a smile.

It was settled that she was to go; and Lady Lennox, made slightly anxious by the little note, was more than usually careful about her daughter's dress. She chose one of the palest and daintiest of rose silks embroidered with white flowers; the faint rose hue enhanced the wondrous beauty of the perfect face. With this superb dress Beatrix would have no flowers but white ones—white heath, white roses, and white lilies mixed. She would have no jewels but pearls—white, pure, and shining.

It was late when Lady Lennox and Beatrix reached the ball-room. The Duchess of Elmslie greeted them warmly.

"I had begun to fear that you would disappoint me," she said; and then her keen eyes took in every detail of Beatrix's exquisite toilet. A warm smile of approval lighted her face.

"I must not say all that I think," she said; "but I am proud of my godchild."

The ball-room was crowded. The Duchess of Elmslie understood the art of ball-giving. There was no row of "wall-flowers," there were no "fast" matrons, no plain spinsters. She chose her guests from the young and the fair. She asked eligible men who were not too idle to dance or too "used up" to enjoy themselves, and the result was always a thoroughly satisfactory entertainment—an entertainment people were sorry to see end, and spoke of for long afterwards.

There was usually a slight well-bred murmur of pleasure when Beatrix entered a ball-room. Her royal style of beauty, her reputation for wit and talent, the well-known story of Lord Montresor were remembered. "The beautiful Miss Lennox," "The heiress of Erceldean," "Very clever—very gifted"—such expressions followed her.

As usual, she was surrounded by a little group of admirers. One begged for a waltz, another for a quadrille—Beatrix was superbly indifferent. It was strange that she had not the least preference for any one of her admirers; they were all alike to her—a crowd of aristocratic admirers over whom for the honor of the Lennoxes she must reign. She had no favorite, there was not one whom she liked more than another. Sir Duncan Maitland was her first partner on this evening, and while dancing with him she saw a gentleman whose tall splendid figure and handsome face attracted her attention. He was, without doubt, the handsomest man in the room. He seemed to tower over the others. His face was clear-cut and high-bred, yet with a certain amount of satire and cynicism in it. Perhaps it impressed her all the more because she found that wherever she went his eyes followed her. She wondered who he was, for Beatrix knew most of the celebrities present.

Later on the Duchess of Elmslie came up to her.

"Beatrix," said she, "for the last week the Duke of Heathland has been following me like a shadow. Can you guess why?"

"No, I am not clever at guessing," she replied.

"He wants to be introduced to you," she said; "and I have promised to oblige him."

"I have never heard of the Duke of Heathland," remarked Beatrix. To her no designation was so great or so noble as that of Lennox of Erceldean.

"Never heard of him!" said her Grace. "That seems almost to assume that he does not exist; nevertheless he is a very great man, Beatrix."

"Is he?" she asked carelessly. "For his own sake I am very glad to hear it."

"Some young ladies would be equally pleased for their own sakes, Beatrix," the Duchess laughed. "The Duke is young, rich and handsome. He is one of the noblest and richest peers in England. He has another charm besides—it is well known that he is looking for a wife."

"I hope he will find one," said frank Beatrix.

"So do I," returned her Grace. "Indeed I have no fear. Most young ladies like strawberry-leaves."

"I prefer Scotch thistles," said Beatrix. She little guessed as she spoke in what strange way the Duke of Heathland would cross her life and darken it.

Presently a stately head was bowing before her, and a deep rich voice whispering how pleased and delighted the speaker was to have at last the honor he had longed for; and Beatrix, raising her eyes, found that the Duchess had introduced the Duke of Heathland to her. She looked at him steadily, and, as she looked, admired him. He was somewhat like the heroes she had pictured to herself. He seemed very noble with his stately bend. Beatrix was pleased with him. They walked down the ball-room together, and as they passed people said what a noble couple they were—the proud young Scotch beauty and the stately Duke of Heathland. The Duchess of Elmslie gazed after them with great self-complacency.

"I think that will do," she said to herself. "I may have neglected 'Prince Charlie's' daughter in the years gone by; but, if I help to make her Duchess of Heathland, I shall more than atone for it. I think the Duke is about well matched with Beatrix. They will be one of the noblest pairs in England."

Beatrix chatted with the Duke and liked him. He talked better and had clearer views than any man she had met with yet. He quoted one of Owen Meredith's verses to her, and she, raising her fresh fair face to his, said—

"That is a beautiful verse. Whose is it?"

"It was written by a poet whose *nom de plume* is Owen Meredith," he replied—"the gifted son of a gifted father."

"I remember the name," she said. "Tell me about him."

The Duke in a few words imparted all that he knew of the poet's life and of his works, and then Beatrix said—

"Thank you. I shall send to-morrow for the works you have mentioned."

"I marvel much that you have never read them," he remarked. And with sweet silver laughter she answered—

"I know very little. I know everything that torrents and mountains, heather and wild birds can teach—I know Shakspeare and Milton almost by heart. There my knowledge ends. It is not much, is it?" she asked.

"You must allow me to say that it is of a very unusual and beautiful kind," he replied. "I wish that I knew only half so much."

"Still," she said somewhat regretfully, "I have much to learn. At present I know all about Owen Meredith—soon I shall have read his verses. I wish that people in a ball-room would talk more about books and poetry, and give their minds less to nonsense."

"What do you call nonsense, Miss Lennox?" asked his Grace, highly amused.

"All kinds of compliments and flattery. If one has a face that pleases others, is that any reason why men should sigh and flatter and talk the nonsense they do? I have often felt quite tired after three hours of it."

"No wonder," he replied.

"I have danced with all kinds of people," she said—"men in the Army, in the Navy, noblemen and commoners; most of them have said the same things; I long for a change."

"I am afraid you are a very severe critic," said the Duke.

"I did not mean to criticise. I am merely saying what I think. You would grow tired if everybody with whom you danced insinuated rather than said that you were the handsomest man they had ever seen."

The Duke laughed.

"Flattery is always sweet," he replied. "I do not think so. I like truth—I love truth. People who flatter cannot speak the truth. I should enjoy society better if the people who compose it would talk more like you."

"I am very happy to have pleased you so far," he said. "I must try to remember that if I wish to receive your approbation, I must never pay you any compliments, but always talk to you about books."

"I think talking sensibly to me the greatest compliment you can pay me," she replied.

And the Duke was charmed with her.

He was a proud man, this Duke of Heathland; all his life he had done what he liked—he had been under no control, known no master. His father, Hubert, the fourteenth Duke of Heathland, died when his son was only three years old, his mother died when he was seven, and during that long minority he was under the charge of a most indulgent guardian. But that his nature was originally noble, he must have been completely spoiled. He had had his own way in everything—no one had ever "said him nay." After he had come of age his life was one uninterrupted success. He was clever with a natural cleverness of his own—for he had paid but little attention to the education which had cost so many thousands. He could make an excellent speech—he was considered even a brilliant partisan on the Government side; he had written one or two trenchant articles which had brought him fame—in fact, he was one of a type of men who abound in England, a young man of more than average talent and more than average promise.

Beatrix was very partial to him. It pleased her to hear him discuss literature and politics—to hear him discuss music and musicians, art and artists. She enjoyed his society. Whenever she heard that the Duke of Heathland was to be at any ball or *soiree*, she gave it the preference; while the Duchess of Elmslie watched in silent patience.

Beatrix Lennox was wonderfully successful in society. She was one of the most beautiful and attractive belles of the season. The difference between her and other girls which had at one time made Lady Lennox anxious about her future now enhanced her charms. It was her very originality, her unvarnished truth and freshness, her candid pride that made her so sought after and so beloved. People came to look upon her as a queen in her way; they trembled before her unreserved outspokenness, before the simple honest nature that could never gloss over sin, and dared to call sin by its right name.

She sat one day at a concert between the Duchess of Elmslie and Lady Dalton. They were speaking of some one whom they had both known.

"I suppose," said Lady Dalton, "that she will be received into society now."

"I do not imagine," returned the Duchess, "that she will ever be received at Court."

"The Earl has married her," observed Lady Dalton. "She is Countess Veraher. Who can say anything?" Then she turned to Beatrix. "You will wonder of whom we are speaking," she said. "You are sure to meet her—the Countess Veraher. She was divorced from her husband last year, and has just married the Earl of Veraher."

Beatrix opened her eyes in wonder.

"Is it really true," she asked, "that women who have been divorced from one husband marry another?"

"Yes," replied the Duchess. "It has grown to be a very common occurrence."

"How wicked," cried Beatrix—"how dreadfully wicked! And do people speak to them, talk to them, and treat them as they do others?"

"Most certainly," said Lady Dalton.

"I do not like your world," cried the girl hotly. "It is a false world, a wicked world! You do just as you like, and make laws to suit yourself."

"Not quite, Beatrix," said the Duchess. "I wish we did. I know a law or two that I should very much like to make."

"I do not like your world," Beatrix repeated—"it is false and hollow. I would rather be back at Loch Narn. You do not seem to know what sin is, and you gloss over everything with fine names—people do not even recognize their own sins."

"Ah, Beatrix," sighed the Duchess, "you are young and inexperienced; when you are older, you will laugh as we laugh, and accept what we accept."

"I never shall!" she cried in her youthful enthusiasm. "It seems to me that, if you did not accept things quite so easily, the world would be the better for it. You are only too willing to tolerate the lady's presence amongst you. I do not like your world, Lady Dalton—you have one law for the rich, and one for the poor."

"No, no, Beatrix, that we certainly have not," interrupted the Duchess.

"It is a false, hollow world, Lady Dalton," persisted Beatrix. "If the sin be well gilded, it is soon pardoned, and then laughed at. I have heard ladies laugh over stories which I could not laugh over. There is but one sin which denizens of the great world never pardon."

"What is that?" asked the Duchess, looking with admiration at the lovely face with its proud defiance.

"The sin of poverty," said Beatrix Lennox. "You have no mercy, no pity for that; it cannot be gilded, therefore it can never be amusing. I like the world wherein I lived—all mountains, lakes, and heather—a thousand times better than I like this."

And in some vague way—though she was so young, and they laughed at her enthusiasm—these worldly women shrank before her. Her natural instinct as to what was right and what was wrong was so keen that words could not blind her, could not mislead her.

"I shall take care of one thing," said the Duchess later on to Lady Dalton; "and that is that Beatrix Lennox shall never meet the Countess Veraber in my rooms if I can help it. If she does, there will be a scene."

On that same day Miss Lennox read to her uncle a chapter of history—the battle of Culloden.

"Uncle," she asked suddenly, "do such men live in these days, or are they all dead?"

"They live still, Beatrix," was the brief reply.

"I feel disinclined at times," she told him, "to believe that the old martial spirit lives in the breasts of the men of the nineteenty century."

Peter Lennox looked at her.

"It lives, child," he said; "but perhaps it is not shown quite so often. When it dies the sun of English glory will cease to shine."

And she wondered if the time would ever come that she should meet in real life with such men as she had read of in history and in fiction. If the future could have been revealed to her, Beatrix Lennox would have trembled at her self-interrogation.

CHAPTER XIII.

"A real prince!" said Beatrix laughingly. "I ought to be ashamed perhaps to own such a weakness, but a real prince! I have always longed to see one. Are you quite sure, uncle, that he is the same—just the same as other people?"

"My dear Beatrix," remonstrated Lady Lennox, "pray do not say such things; they sound so strangely. Why should a prince differ from other men?"

"I do not know, mamma. I like the word; there is something exceptional about it. A prince! One would imagine a prince tall and commanding in figure, with a noble face and a still more noble heart."

"And this is *apropos* of what, Beatrix?" asked her uncle.

"My godmother, the Duchess of Elmslie, gives a grand dinner on Tuesday, to which we were all invited, and the object of which is to introduce the Prince de Ferros to the great world of London."

"And who," asked Peter Lennox, "is the Prince de Ferros?"

Beatrix looked up, a ripple of laughter on her lips.

"I knew you would ask that question, uncle; though, when I asked it, the Duchess assumed her sagest expression of face. 'My dear Beatrix,' she said, 'when you are ignorant of what concerns a person so well known as the Prince de Ferros, never ask questions in public, or you will betray yourself lamentably.' And when I said I should be pleased to understand the art of asking questions in an empty room, she sighed. Now, uncle, you have done the same thing; you have betrayed most deplorable ignorance as regards the Prince de Ferros."

"Pray tell your uncle who he is, my dear," said Lady Lennox.

"He is a young Italian prince, uncle, bitten with a mania for everything English. Near Verona he has built a house in the English style; he has English servants; and the Duchess does something more than hint that he is here in search of an English wife."

"A very sensible thing, too," said her uncle. "If the women of one nation have any superiority over those of another, it must be owned Englishwomen carry the palm."

"The Prince," continued Beatrix, with a close imitation of the Duchess of Elmslie's grand manner, "is a most estimable young man; he has one of the most ancient titles of which Italy can boast; he has immense wealth, great talent, and is in everyway a most desirable *parti*."

Her imitation of the Duchess was so perfect that Peter Lennox laughed heartily.

Gentle Lady Lennox looked a little distressed.

"Beatrix," she said, "I am sorry that you are so good a mimic. I do not think mimicry very kind."

Beatrix kissed her mother; she always did so when she corrected her.

"I wish, mamma, that I were one-half as good as you. I have a natural inclination to many kinds of foolishness, and a fervent desire to mimic those superfine ladies who seldom say a natural word is one of them."

"There is no great harm in it, Ailsa," said Peter Lennox, who enjoyed his niece's apt rendering of character. "It is all my fault however; I have encouraged her in it."

It was a strange thing, but Peter Lennox could not endure even the shadow of blame to be cast on his idolised niece. In his eyes both she and all that she did were simply perfect. Lady Lennox knew that, and, as a rule, if she had anything to say to Beatrix, it was said when her uncle was not present. She smiled to herself now on seeing him rise from his seat, cross to his niece, bend over her, and ask about a diamond ring that he had ordered for her. Then he touched the white brow with his lips, and said—

"The Prince de Ferros will not do for us, Beatrix, will he? He would not have the glory of Erceldean at heart as we have."

She raised her head proudly—the Duchess of Elmslie always said that Beatrix was one of the proudest girls she knew.

"Do for us, uncle? In what way?" The clear haughty eyes seemed to compel him to speak.

"I mean he will not do as a suitor, Beatrix—and that is what the Duchess is evidently thinking of."

"My dear uncle," she replied quietly, "we need not discuss the love affairs of gentlemen whom we have never seen."

But Peter Lennox could not all at once forget the Prince. He walked uneasily up and down the room. Lady Lennox went away, and Beatrix sat in silence. She saw that her uncle was ill at ease, but waited for him to speak.

He stopped quite suddenly and looked at her.

"You see, Beatrix, if you married a foreigner—especially a foreigner of rank—you would of course have to leave England and go abroad with him. Do you understand that?"

A proud smile curled her lip.

"Yes, uncle," she said slowly.

"That would be death to all my hopes," he went on. "A foreign prince or duke would trouble himself very little about Erceldean, Beatrix. My dear, be on your guard. Do not fall in love with a foreigner."

She raised her head so haughtily that in after days he remembered it.

"My dear uncle," she replied slowly, "I really do not think you need trouble about such matters; unless I see some one very different from any one I have seen yet, I shall never fall in love."

He looked half surprised.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHAMOUNI.

A PICTURE—BY BOB ROY.

Tutto con te mi piace,
Sia colle o selva prato,
Tutto e soggiorno ingrato
Lungi, ben mio, da te.
—METASTASIO.

Throned on a violet bank
With wand of wild flower sprays,
At her feet, through shadows dank,
A murmuring brooklet plays.
Soft lights of a dreamy mood
Mellow the deep brown eyes,
Far fixed o'er the shimmering flood
Where the still white city lies.

Dark strength of massy hair
Stirred from its folded rest,
In the soft scent-laden air
Out of the gates of the West.
O queen of a day gone by,
Like music passing sweet!
And I would I might ever lie
By the violets at thy feet.

THE BRIDAL DRESS.

Six years to-day! What a long, long time!" sighed Maud Merlin, sinking into the low seat by the window, and pressing her sad, white face against the glass. "Ah me, how happy I was! But it is all over; I shall never—never be happy again!"

Her dark eyes overflowed with tears, and her memory went back to the old home of her childhood, the great rambling house in Ohio, with its spacious rooms, and blazing fires, and largehearted hospitality. She could see the old garden, with its winding borders and cool retreats, and catch the sweet odor of the pinks, and the drowsy murmur of the bees; and there was the woodbine arbor, beneath which she and Harry had sat so often together. How well she remembered one evening, one evening above all others—an evening in royal June—the air heavy with spicy odors, and a full moon pouring down its glorifying light upon the snowy billows of orchard bloom, and the long hedges of crimson roses, weighed down by their own intense perfume. On that evening she had listened to the story that has been so often repeated, but which never grows old. "Maud, my darling, I love you—will you be my wife?" She recalled the very words, she seemed to hear his dear voice, and see his tender eyes. The engagement ring was still on her finger, just as he had put it there that night, and beside it another, even yet more sacred, her wedding-ring.

And this stormy, desolate night was the anniversary. Six years ago, and the old homestead in Ohio had rung with music and revelry. Every window blazed with light, and every broad hearthstone glowed with flaming logs. For on that night, robed in white, and adorned with blossoms as spotless and sweet as her own virgin heart, Maud, sole daughter of house and heart, and beauty and belle wherever she went, became a bride.

Bidding farewell to the old home and the old friends in Ohio, Maud went forth with her husband from thenceforth and for ever, to be the light of his home in the neighborhood of New York.

One year, one short, sweet, happy year, that went by like some rare rich melody, without a single note of discord to break its divine perfection, and then it was that trouble came. The bare remembrance of it blanched the wife's cheeks, and made her breath come in quick, painful gasps.

At the close of that short happy year of her wedded life, her husband received information concerning the illness of an only brother residing in California. He was dying of a slow but sure disease, and wanted to see his brother's face once more. Harry Merlin did not hesitate an instant; the path of duty was plain—he must go. Maud entreated to be permitted to accompany him; but he was inexorable. The risks and hardships were too great.

Left alone, Maud was not the woman to give way to despondency; it was her nature always to keep her face to the sun. She kept herself busy with the duties of her household, and at last the dreary days went by, and tidings from Harry came. He was safe at his journey's end, but his brother was dead, leaving Harry, however, the inheritor of a considerable fortune. Just as soon as his business matters could be arranged, Harry wrote, he would start for home. Soon after a second post came, bringing the welcome intelligence that Harry, in company with a party of brother travellers, had set out, taking the overland route.

Maud counted the days with throbbing impatience, the parting had been so long; she so pined to see his dear face, and hear his voice once more. She worked from morn till night filling the rooms with little ornaments, and getting up little surprises against his return. She cultivated the flowers he loved, and sang the ballads he admired; never did woman count the passing moments with such anxious and loving expectation.

At last the day came. She had received no further intelligence, but she felt sure that he would come. The evening was in Spring, genial and balmy, their little home a wilderness of blossoms. She prepared a banquet with her own hands; she adorned the room with the flowers he loved; and even laid out his dressing gown and slippers. Then she went to her chamber, and put on the dress he liked to see her wear—a mauve silk, with dainty laces at the throat and wrists, and jet and gold ornaments; her glossy brown hair held back by sprays of heliotrope and sweet verbena. Surveying herself in the mirror, she smiled and blushed, remembering his words when she had first worn the dress.

"Oh, Maud! you are so beautiful; always wear this dress, darling, when you wish to please me."

The May sun sank lower and lower, and at last went down, leaving the earth wrapt in the dusky mists of twilight. Maud began to grow impatient. She lit the lamps in the parlor, and then went out on the porch to wait. He surely would come; he would not disappoint her! The golden tints of day faded like the colors of a dream; the stars came out one by one in the hazy lustre of the sky; and then the moon arose, coming up grandly above the purple steeps. Still he had not come, and the poor wife's heart began to grow sick with hope deferred. Another hour, and then above the murmurous music of the night she heard a sharp step upon the gravel, and started to her feet, flushed and breathless; but the next instant she fell back pale with disappointment, for the step was not his—she knew that long before the person came in sight. He advanced towards the porch where she sat, with a slow uncertain step; observing which, and recognizing him as one of her neighbors, she advanced to meet him.

"Mr. Rutherford, is it you? I am looking for my husband. What do you think can detain him?"

The gentleman stood still, his face full of silent, unspeakable pity. Something in its expression caught her quick eyes, and she sprang forward and grasped his arm.

"Mr. Rutherford, you bring me tidings? Speak; don't keep me in suspense!"

Still the gentleman was silent.

"Oh, sir!" she entreated, "don't trifle with my feelings. Do you know anything concerning my husband? If you do, for mercy's sake, speak out!"

"Madam, I have heard—that is, there is bad news," he began, his voice husky and broken.

Her face grew as white as death; but her eyes were clear and calm, and her hand strong, as she grasped his arm.

"Sir, if you pity me, tell me the worst at once; I can bear it."

"Well, madam," he replied, "your husband and his party have been waylaid and murdered by the Indians."

"All? Did none escape?"

"Not one!"

She turned sharply, leaving him without a word; and he saw her enter the house and close the door after her—and that was the end. He would never come back any more, no matter how patiently she might wait and watch! He would never know that he had a son—never look upon the little chubby face, with its bold blue eyes and sunny curls, so like his own! From henceforth her heart and home were desolate.

And this was the anniversary of her wedding-day. Six years ago, and she was a happy bride. Five years ago she had been a heartbroken widow. Her boy slept in his little bed, and she sat there thinking, thinking, thinking, and gazing out at the low, leaden sky, and the wind-tossed trees. The night was closing in rapidly, a night of storm and darkness. The rain came down in great sheets, and the wild, wailing winds rushed round the gables, and went shrieking over the hills like human souls in agony. Her heart ached with a desolation that seemed almost insupportable. Life was so hard; yet, for the boy's sake she must endure and live on.

She looked down at her sable garments with hot, blinding eyes. Six years ago, and she was robed in gems and blossoms. His face, his very voice seemed to come back to her; and she fancied that his spirit must be near her. No matter how high above her, how happy, she knew that he loved her still, and his glorified spirit may have left its home of bliss to keep with her that sacred anniversary. The fancy consoled her beyond expression. She glanced over at the sleeping boy, with a dim hope that his father loved and watched over him. Then a sudden impulse shot across her mind; she would not keep the anniversary of her wedding-day in her garments of widowhood; she would put on the robe he loved. If he knew aught of her poor, sad life, he should see how sacredly she remembered and observed his simplest wishes.

Stealing up to her chamber, she took out the mauve silk, and the dainty laces, growing yellow and time-worn, and the pretty jet and gold ornaments, and arrayed herself as in days gone by; and the old bloom came back to her cheeks, and the brightness to her eyes; and she seemed to drop her years and her widowhood, and to spring out afresh into the rare beauty of her early maidenhood. Thus arrayed, she went down softly, and seated herself before the blazing fire, her face tearful and expectant. If his soul were near—and she clung to the hope that it was, as she clung to life—he should see how tenderly she remembered him.

The anniversary night wore on, wild and dark with storm; and still the poor wife, half dazed by her terrible sorrow, sat by her lonely hearth-stone, robed in her festive garments. At last there came a step without—a sharp, impatient step on the gravel, but she did not hear it. A weary, travel-worn man, bronzed by exposure, and pale with long-enduring grief, came up to the entrance, and paused beneath the low window. Through the parted curtains shone the ruddy fire-light, revealing the warm, attractive room—the old familiar room, with *his* hat upon the wall, and *his* books and meerschaum on the mantel, unmoved as he had left them—revealed the dear, sweet face wet with tears, and the dress he loved in happy days, that seemed too far back to the poor wanderer to be real! Was it all a dream? Was that the wife from whom he had so long been parted, whose face had been present with him through all his lonely hours of peril and imprisonment? Was she waiting and watching, and keeping his home bright for his return?

He left the window, stole softly to the porch, and approached the door. He raised the latch; it opened, and he stood upon the threshold.

Intent upon her own musings, her own sweet memories, and sad reflections, Maud heard no sound. Her heart was far back with the husband she had loved so well. The old dress had revived old associations, and his very presence seemed around and about her. She looked up with clasped hands and streaming eyes.

"Oh, Harry! oh! my husband!" she murmured; "if you know how I love you—how I mourn your loss, surely your soul might speak to mine, and tell me that you are near me!"

"Maud, my wife, my darling!"

She started to her feet with a wondering, startled face. There he stood, worn and weary, changed from the man he had been, but the wife recognized him in an instant. For a moment a solemn awe filled her eyes, and her love hesitated and trembled in the presence of a spirit from the other world; but the next instant she held him in her arms, with a wild cry.

"Oh, Harry, my husband, you are not dead; you have come back to me!"

His passionate kisses on her face, his strong arms and throbbing heart, answered her as no words could have done. He had come back to her from imprisonment amid the wild western mountains—from perils and dangers, and death itself.

For a little while after she had heard his story, and fully assured herself that he was really flesh and blood, and not a spirit, as she had first believed him, she lay quietly weeping on his bosom; then she arose, with a solemn tenderness in her eyes, and leading him upstairs to the bedroom, drew aside the curtains of the couch, revealing the little face, flushed and dimpled, in slumber, and the small chubby fists fast clenched together.

Harry Merlin looked on with quick sobs; then, bending down, he kissed the little sleeper with a joy and thankfulness in his soul too deep for utterance.

And on this stormy night, after weary years of imprisonment amid barbarous hordes—after having endured trials and hardships, and almost death itself, this was how Harry Merlin came home.

NEWSPAPERS.

BY CELANIRE.

The Devil was in despair. His grand schemes for upsetting the universe had failed. He had been ignominiously expelled from Heaven; and even after he had made mischief in Eden, he found to his chagrin that his trouble went for naught. One wicked scheme after another he had tried, to set the world askew; but do what he might, even to this one planet, the effect of his dark deeds melted in the omnipresent sunshine of the spirit of love.

He scowled as he looked on the beauty about him, and muttered:

"I will vent my spite on this fair world."

But how should he set about it? Would it do to try the same plan as before—tempt men through their love for knowledge? The first parents of mankind, through undue curiosity, had fallen; might not their children be liable to the same temptation?

"I have it!" cried Satan, as a sudden idea struck him; "I'll start a newspaper."

So said, so done. A thousand willing imps dispersed themselves through the world with instructions to develope in men the passion of curiosity.

"And see to it," added his Majesty, "that you do it quietly and by degrees; for this will be a work, not of years, but centuries."

First on the programme came Rome, then the seat of human learning and civilization. There were started, as a kind of beginning, the Acta Diurna.

"Of course," sneered Satan, "men will want to tell one another of their battles and marvelous triumphs, and the insignificant deeds they think so great; and soon they will be quite ready to listen to the daily affairs of their friends, with a little gossip and scandal thrown in."

But it was not until the fifteenth or sixteenth century that regular newspapers began to appear.

The stirring events of that time were the cause of many pamphlets, which circulated through Northern and Central Europe.

In France, the journals might be said to date their origin from the publication of the *French Mercury*—a kind of historical compilation. But their immediate prototype was the *Gazette*, issued in 1531.

In the latter half of the seventeenth century there was published a poetical newspaper, which chiefly treated of local gossip and scandal. It is said that this paper owed its existence to a desire expressed by a certain lady of high rank to know what was going on in Paris. It was continued for some fifteen years.

Italy was ahead of France in her news publications. Her *Gazettas*, issued in Venice, appeared in the sixteenth century. Many manuscript copies of these *Gazettas* are still preserved, and one printed copy, bearing date of 1570, may be seen in the British Museum.

In Spain, on the other hand, the first regular newspaper, a court journal, was not issued till the middle of the eighteenth century. And in Germany, until the French Revolution, journalism—with one exception—was of little or no account.

Over in England, newspapers had appeared at irregular intervals; but when the contest began between Charles and his parliament they flourished as regular publications, with new life. This infant journalism took on itself a political tone, and a furious newspaper war was waged between the editors on the respective sides. Here Satan, always on the alert, sowed his seeds of dissension—seeds which soon sprang up and bore a rich harvest of spiteful editorials, as eccentric and coarse as they were bitter.

At length tired of England he crossed to France, at the time when that country was beginning to grumble over her wasted revenue.

Through the journals, by means of such writers as Mirabeau and Marat, he urged on the already discontented people to the awful Reign of Terror.

In fact, Mirabeau's *Courrier de Provence* became the precursor of thousands of different newspapers.

"In the space of a few months," says Louis Blanc, "France was inundated with printed sheets of every tone and description—weekly, monthly, quarterly; Royalist, Radical, Moderate, frantic, distilling poison and emitting abuse, disseminating error, encouraging calumny, proclaiming facts, echoing every expression of passionate anger, irradiating every awakening idea."

The most violent of these journals was Marat's *Friend of the People*. But under the first consul they were all suppressed but thirteen; and under the empire only five were permitted to appear.

Later *The National*—a paper numbering among its editors such men as Thiers and Carrel—contributed powerfully to the overthrow of Charles X., and also of Louis Philippe.

The years had crept slowly on, with little or no change in the manner of journalistic publication. But on the morning of November 29th, 1814, the *London Times* issued to its readers the first number of a paper printed by steam. No longer a press, the instrument of printing was now a machine, doing the work with an almost human intelligence. And from that time the journalistic profession has marched forward with rapid strides.

Meanwhile, Satan had turned his attention to America. Here a newspaper was published as early as 1690; but the authorities for some reason or other promptly suppressed it. Only one number is known to exist now, and that is in the British Museum.

The first weekly paper, *The Boston News-Letter*, was issued in 1704, and was followed by the *Boston Gazette*, in 1719. This last was especially noted as a journal. Men like Samuel and John Adams frequented its office, passed judgment on the current events of the day, and through its columns wielded a powerful influence throughout the country.

To Philadelphia is due the credit of establishing the first daily paper in America—*The American Daily Advertiser*, published in 1784.

As time went on, papers and periodicals devoted mainly to literary, artistic, or scientific subjects, were published, and increased so rapidly that in 1870 there were four times as many journals and periodicals published as in Great Britain; and more than in Great Britain, France, Austria and other German States, Russia, and Spain combined.

But, meanwhile, Satan had not been idle. He foresaw with displeasure the gradual elevation of the press, and resolved that somehow it must be checked. Somehow the baser emotions of men must be appealed to; vice must be made a little more attractive than virtue.

"These people," he mused, "have the eager curiosity and desire for knowledge natural to a youthful nation. I will make them so inquisitive that nothing shall be sacred from their prying eyes. Their reporters shall even intrude into the domestic circle, and unveil private griefs and scandals to the gaze of the crowd. No public man's pedigree shall be secure from criticism back to the tenth generation; and if he ever cheated a school fellow out of marbles, or tied a tin pan to the tail of a dog, it shall be told on him. Yes, this shall be the land of a free press—free to indulge, under the name of reform, in the vilest and most cutting personalities."

He set diligently to work and soon, in the fair field of journalism, there sprang up a goodly crop of a certain sort of articles—police reports of criminals, scandals in high and low life, interspersed with rude political squibs and editorials.

Even the journals that published romances and novelettes did not escape the infection. Instead of the wonted tales of heroism and virtue, and the old-fashioned, beautiful story of love,—quite as necessary to read about as the history of one's own country,—instead of these they were compelled to use trashy, sensational romances, or find themselves pushed aside to make room for the newer, commoner literature.

But already the reaction had commenced. As early as 1740, Richardson's *Pamela* had given the reading public a taste for purer novels; and from that time "a flood," says an able critic, "began to rise, whose even, steady flow has cleansed the deepening channels of our literature from many pollutions."

People began to realize that the men who made the best citizens were those who had been longest subjected to refining influences, who had read the purest authors, and listened to the noblest thoughts.

Events constantly happened to bring this before people's minds.

Once, when a man committed a horrible murder, some curious person, tracing back the record of his life, found that he was the son of a butcher, that he used to delight in watching the slaughter of animals, and that he was exceedingly fond of sensational literature. No doubt this man, this son of a butcher, had an hereditary taste for shedding blood. And yet, if only pure, high toned reading had been placed in his hands, so that his mind had been always open to impressions of the beautiful and true, is it altogether so likely that this murder would have been committed?

It was to raise the standard of journalism, and counteract the influence of low literature, that a few men—one of whom lately passed from our midst—started a new journal, a journal whose good example others soon followed.

And, as people progressed, the whole current of literature acquired a higher tone. Gradually the daily paper came to be not merely a news vehicle, but a means of educating its readers morally and intellectually, and, of late years, physically as well. To-day the press wields a power that is unequalled even by the pulpit.

Still, all this is rather hard for the Devil. Poor old fellow! All his nicely arranged plans have been again frustrated; the newspaper has been transformed into an engine that beats down line after line of his fortifications of evil.

Still he fights vigorously from behind a few sensational papers, and some two or three daily journals which are enterprising enough to manufacture their own news. But slowly and surely the time draws near when even, we hope, these breastworks shall be carried, and throughout the domains of journalism Truth and Purity shall reign triumphant.

BIBLE TERMS.—Readers of the Bible will be interested in the following explanation of expressions frequently met with in the Holy Scriptures. They are believed to be entirely correct: A day's journey was 33 and 1-3 miles. A Sabbath day's journey was about one English mile. Ezekiel's reed was 11 feet, nearly. A cubit is 22 inches, nearly. A finger's breadth is equal to one inch. A shekel of silver was 50 cents. A shekel of gold was $8.09. A talent of gold was $28,309. A piece of silver, or a penny, was 13 cents. A farthing was 3 cents. A gerah was 5 cents. A mite was 1 1-2 cents. A homer contained 76 gallons and 5 pints. An ephah, or bath, contained 7 and 4 pints. A hin was one gallon, 2 pints. A firkin was 7 pints. An omer was 6 pints. A cab was three pints. A log was one-half pint.

The momentous question of spring bonnets—Brown's wife: "One word more, dear; would you trim it with blue feathers?" Robinson's wife: "Oh, I could not decide at once; come to-morrow and we'll devote the day to it."

The first thing a wife does now, when her husband dies, is to run over to his office and inquire of the clerk in smothered tones: "How much insurance did the old man have on his life, and was the last premium paid?"

The love of a cross woman is said to be stronger than the love of any other female individual. Like vinegar, the affections of a highstrung woman never spoil. It's the sweet wine that becomes acidulated, not the sour wine.

It is said that to a noblehearted woman there is nothing in this life more touching than to see a poor but virtuous young man struggling with desperation to keep a feeble moustache alive.

News of Interest

—New York swells carry poodles in their bosoms.

—There are only 186 French people resident in Berlin.

—Ale brewed in Philadelphia is now sold in London.

—In seven years Youngville, N. Y., has made 4,000,000 base ball bats.

—The poet Southey was the originator of the phrase, "By the living Jingo!"

—The hair dressers of Boston have just formed a "Mutual Benefit Association."

—Canada has revived the whipping-post, to be used in cases of outrage on women.

—It costs the Czar some $1,000,000 every day to keep up his present military power.

—An ex-member of the Ohio Legislature now serves as guard at the State penitentiary.

—It is now the mode in England to be buried in an open wicket-work coffin filled with flowers.

—Virginia City, Nev., is slowly sliding down hill, owing to the settling of the ground over the Bonanza mines.

—Fifty cents a day is what good mechanics in St. John, Canada, are offering to work for owing to hard times.

—The Methodist Episcopal church has built in the last ten years 4,078 church edifices, at the cost of $30,000,000.

—R. O. McCormick, who has charge of the American display at the Paris Exhibition, has grey hair, and only one eye.

—American streets cars are running in and around the cities of Brazil. Some of the horse railways there are quite profitable.

—Miss Henrietta Dana, the youngest daughter of the Hon. R. H. Dana, Jr., has recently entered the Roman Catholic Church.

—A Macon (Ga.) man has invented a three-tooth saw that turns out the lumber perfectly planed and ready for the carpenter and painter.

—In England the class among whom the rate of mortality is highest are the innkeepers. For this there can be but one cause—drink.

—Miss Bertha von Hillern, the pedestrian, has discovered that she has a taste for painting, and proposes hereafter to make art her profession.

—In the battle on the stage of a Wheeling theatre "Henry V" stopped his inspiring address to the troops to swear audibly at the leader of the orchestra.

—At a game of fortune-telling the other day, at Sandringham, the Princess of Wales was told by the oracle that her fate would be to marry a widower with twelve children.

—The diamonds and other jewels of ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, who has gone out of the business, are to be sold at auction in Paris in July. They are valued at $400,000.

—Messrs. Flood & O'Brien, the bullionaires of Nevada and California, are said to contemplate the building of a women's hotel in San Francisco at a cost of $1,000,000.

—Examination is said to reveal that many of the blinders worn by horses are so arranged that they strike the eyes of the animals with every step taken, causing blindness in many cases.

—A Fall river woman recently had the remains of a pet poodle placed in a black walnut coffin and sent to New Bedford to be intered in the family burial ground, where some of her children are laid.

—Archery is a very old British exercise. The long bow was the favorite weapon of the English from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century. It was at one time the principal missive weapon in all the armies of the world.

—An Ithaca (N. Y.) man, named Manning, yawned his jaw out of joint, the other day, and held his fly-trap open for a couple of hours till his family physician could be summoned. The other doctors refused to come to his relief.

—Kathleen Andre Moore is the keeper of Black Rock Light-house, near Bridgeport, Connecticut. She is sixty-five years old, has tended the light-house lamp for fifty years, and lives in her little house with only two dogs and a pet lamb.

—According to the London Truth, the prevailing taste in musical matters in London is shockingly depraved. In the common music halls the only songs that are listened to with patience consist of a few verses, entirely devoid of any meaning whatever.

—Major General Thomas S. Dakin, who died suddenly in Brooklyn on Monday last, began active life by walking to New York city from his home in Orange county, with fifty cents in his pocket. He is said to have at first sold charcoal on the streets for a living.

—A Berlin dispatch says: "It is understood that the ceremony of the betrothal of the Duke of Connaught, seventh child and third son of Queen Victoria, to the Princess Louise, third daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, will occur at Darmstadt on the ninth instant.

—Just before the death of Rev. Edward Dickinson, one of Anna Dickinson's brothers, at Pittston, Pa., recently, he begged to have some one sing to him, and Miss Emma Abbott, who had just arrived in the town, was summoned, and cheered his last moments by her voice.

—Burglars are always plenty in the Summer months, and the nights are nearly here when the wakeful sleeper will rise from his restless couch with a determination to have blood, and after striking a light and searching the pillow and tick carefully, retire again to repose, serene in the satisfying consciousness that their number is less by one or two at any rate.

Toilet Chemistry Achieved Its Proudest Triumph

In producing that celebrated beautifier of the complexion, LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH. No article of the kind is comparable to it. It completely rejuvenates the skin, removes pimples, tan, freckles, wrinkles, etc., and renders the cuticle freshly transparent and delightfully smooth. Ladies who have passed the meridian of life will find that it completely obliterates the ravages of time, and the youthful maiden, that she a quire additional attractiveness by its use.

MINE OWN.

BY J. STIRLING.

Since I have won thee for mine own
The wakening world hath wider grown
Towards mine eyes;
As if I were a boy again,
Fair smiles the sun on hill and plain,
From purer skies.

'Tis not alone the cheek of youth,
And speaking eyes of trust and truth
Forever near it;
But through thine eyes a soul I see,
And in thy voice there speaks to me
A loyal spirit.

That charms me more than words can tell,
And casts about my heart a spell
Of speechless love;
Whilst heart and soul and body yearn,
Until with heavenly fires I burn,
Lit from above.

Thy voice of music, lovely spirit,
Enchains my list'ning soul to hear it,
Enchants my heart,
That throbs beneath thy touch and tone,
And proudly hails thee all its own,
No more to part.

I would not sadden those sweet eyes
For any grand or golden prize
This world bestows,
For it hath naught to give to me
That I would change for love of thee
And calm repose.

THE

Lovers of Ordmore.

CHAPTER IX.—[CONTINUED.]

"I don't know how Dorothy manages to hold her own," said Nell after a time, "with the etiquette and the entertaining and all that."

"It is a sort of cleverness which is not hard to acquire; and wealth is much easier to take up than to dispense with. Besides, Dorothy is naturally so graceful that her task would cost her no effort."

"And the best of it is that Doll is the same old Doll who used to play hide-and-seek in the garden at home, and made coffee and roast chestnuts in the nursery. Neither of my sisters is spoilt by marrying a rich husband."

"There's the gong!" said Graham. "I wonder who the other guests are? Dorothy said there were two."

To their intense astonishment they found that the visitors about whom they had been speculating were Douglas and Noel, who had arrived earlier in the day. Nell was loud in her welcome, but Graham said little, though her trembling hands and vivid blushes told much.

After dinner the whole party strolled out into the garden immediately in front of the drawing-room windows, called the Pleasaunce, and tea was brought to them there. Sir Gore was still lover-like enough to steal away with his wife amongst the shrubberies, and Douglas and Nell were not long in following their example. By this arrangement Noel and Graham were left alone; but somehow they did not progress as they had done in the old days at Idleminster.

"How pleased they are!" said Noel as they watched them out of sight.

"Of course," responded Graham promptly.

He looked up at her quickly, for he had flung himself down upon the grass at her feet.

"Why so?"

"It is perfectly natural that they should be pleased under the circumstances, is it not?" laughed Graham. "When people are going to be married, they are usually pleased to see each other—unless they are marrying for money, or something dreadful of that sort. Fancy how horrible it must be to be married for money or from pique!"

Noel started as if he had been stung—as indeed he was—by Graham's careless words, and flung Snow, Dorothy's Maltese terrier, away with such force that the little creature cowered down and whined.

"Oh, Mr. Hammersley," said Graham reproachfully, "why did you do that? What had the poor little thing done? I did not think you could be so cruel."

She lifted the little animal to her neck and soothed it with a tenderness that almost drove Noel wild.

"I am a brute, Miss Falconer, and I beg the dog's pardon."

Graham laughed softly.

"Yours too, if you will allow me."

"Mine! Why? You did not push me away."

Perhaps it was an unwise thing to have said, but an instant later Graham Falconer was clasped close in Noel Hammersley's arms, to the infinite disgust and pain of the poor little terrier, who ran a fair chance of being crushed to death between them. Thus it happened that the great Scotch heiress came to an understanding with a poor lieutenant of Dragoons with next-to-nothing a year besides his pay, which counted as *nil*.

CHAPTER X.

On the next day after Nell Wyvill and Graham Falconer's appearance at Linley Manor visitors began to arrive thick and fast, and by the evening of the eleventh of August the house was filled to overflowing. Nell was rather bewildered by the multitude of guests, but Graham was delighted to meet her old friends again. Still there were a few who were strangers alike to both girls. Amongst them was a young lady who had met the Fairlies both in London and Edinburg, and who in the latter place had been very intimate with Janet Fairlie, for it was in that city that Sir Gore's mother and sister took up their abode after his marriage.

Hilda Valentine and her mother lived in the next house to the Fairlies' during the time they were in Edinburg. Mr. Valentine had been one of the richest millowners in Lancashire; and since his death his widow and daughter, who were desirous of getting into good society, had entirely turned their backs upon their Lancashire home and friends.

Miss Valentine was undoubtedly handsome, though of an entirely different type from Graham Falconer. Looking at Graham, one needed not to be told that she was come of gentle blood—her high birth was written on every feature and expressed in every gesture and movement. Hilda Valentine lacked that nameless grace which comes only through a long line of refined, cultivated ancestors. She was extremely dark, with sparkling black eyes, a florid complexion, and a nose which was decidedly aquiline; the hands, though white, were large, and had not the delicate rose-tinted filbert nails which Graham's displayed; and her feet, although always shod in daintiest Parisian *bottines*, had not the indescribable grace of Graham's. In truth, Miss Valentine never appeared to less advantage than when she was placed in comparison with the heiress of the Falconers. Seen alone, most people would have said she was handsome—after one glance at Graham they would have added, "but coarse."

"Graham," said Nell, as the two girls were dressing for dinner on the day of Miss Valentine's arrival, "I don't like that girl—she is bad style. I wonder what made Dorothy ask her here."

"She is a great friend of Janet's, and was asked to oblige her," answered Graham.

"Did you see the bold way in which she pushed herself forward when Douglas and Noel came in? Douglas says she was always running after Noel in Edinburg. Every few days her vulgar old mother used to write notes of this sort—

"'My dear Captain Hammersley,—We shall be very much pleased if you will come to tea to-morrow. Do come if you possibly can.

"'Very truly yours,' &c."

"Captain Hammersley," repeated Nell, in dire wrath, "as Douglas says, just to butter Noel up."

Graham burst out laughing.

"Oh, Nell dear, it isn't worth while putting yourself into a fume about it! Ha, ha!"

"I don't see anything to laugh at," said Nell seriously.

"I wasn't laughing at that, but at your delicious slang."

"Slang!" cried Nell in an astonished tone. "I didn't use any slang, did I?"

Graham laughed again.

"Don't you call it slang to talk about 'buttering'?"

"Did I say that? Well, that was what Douglas said. But, Graham, you don't seem to mind a bit Miss Valentine's running after Noel?"

"I?" exclaimed Graham, with a look of scorn on her fair face. "If Noel chose to leave me for that red-faced dairy-maid with her bold *pronenos* manner and, I should say, very hazy information as to her great-grandfather, he might go, and I would be ashamed to regret him. Why, if he had never seen me, she would have had no attraction for him! If ever it was brought about that he married her, he would be miserable."

Long afterwards Nell remembered her words. When years had passed away, the picture of the fair Highland girl came back to her memory. She never forgot that little "scene"—Graham, with all her golden hair streaming over her white gown, her whole face transformed with excitement such as rarely moved her, her soft eyes glowing with scorn, and a burning scarlet spot on each cheek, when suddenly the passion faded, and, with eyes darkened by unshed tears, she laughed a hard, forced laugh at herself for being so foolish as to doubt her lover because a bold, unladylike woman had chosen to "make eyes" at him.

Graham was ready for dinner before her cousin. She had dressed herself in a plain white silk which fitted high up to the throat and down to the wrists, where it was adorned by ruffles of costly old lace which had been for long generations in the Falconer family. Her only ornaments were earrings composed of single diamonds. She found Noel alone in the drawing-room.

"My darling!" he exclaimed as he came forward to meet her.

"Yes, Noel"—with the sweet fair face upraised to his.

With passionate love shining in his eyes he drew her close to him, and kissed mouth, eyes, cheeks, and throat greedily. Graham drew herself away saucily.

"Ah"—with a little gasp—"I don't like it—not at all!"

"Don't like it, my darling?"

"No," she said, shaking her head impressively.

Noel turned away with such a pained look on his face that for a moment Graham stood aghast at the effect produced by her small "fib."

"Don't look like that, Noel," she said in a frightened tone.

"How can I help looking 'like that' when you tell me that you don't like me to kiss you?"

She looked at him sideways.

"Well—but—suppose I do?"

"Then you are a great big story-teller," answered Noel, taking her into his arms again. "You are a big story-teller, and I shall never believe anything you say again. You will tell me next that you don't like me."

"No more do I," said Graham promptly—"not a bit—wee, wee bit—not" measuring off a minute portion of her little finger—"not that much."

"Then all I can say is that you are making an uncommonly bad bargain."

"I don't think so."

"Not if you are going to marry a great lumbering brute who hasn't a cent and whom you don't even love?"

"I never said that."

Noel laughed.

"What a funny little woman you are! You say such odd things! Oh, confound it!" The last ejaculation was called forth by a rustle of silks outside the door, and immediately Miss Valentine entered the room.

"Dear me," she exclaimed, as she caught sight of the two in the window, "how you startled me, Miss Falconer!"

"Indeed," said Graham—"how was that?"

"I thought Mr. Hammersley was alone. How early you have dressed to-night! I thought I should be first."

"Miss Falconer has been down half an hour," said Noel maliciously.

"Only fancy!" was Miss Valentine's careless answer. "Do you know what the arrangements are for to-morrow?"

"To-morrow—yes, that is it—I believe we are to shoot the home covers and lunch at the keeper's cottage. And the next day we shoot and lunch at Ordmore."

"Indeed! And where is Ordmore?"

"Ordmore is Miss Falconer's place. It adjoins Linley."

"Ah, yes! What beautiful diamonds you wear, Miss Falconer!"

"They were my mother's," said Graham courteously. "I believe they are very valuable."

"Ah, family jewels, I suppose?"

Graham could not refrain from laughing aloud.

"Oh, no! I don't wear my family jewels for a quiet affair like to-night. Indeed I have not them here at all. They are safe in the bank at Idleminster."

"Why at Idleminster?"

"Because I am living there with my guardian, Lady Fairlie's father."

"Ah, yes!"

Whilst this cross-examination had been going on, Noel had been comparing the two ladies, and the comparison was by no means favorable to Miss Valentine. She was attired in a deep rose-pink moire heavily trimmed with black Spanish point. The only word with which, later on, one of the guests will describe her was "profuse." She had probably twice the quantity of material in her dress which Graham had. She made plentiful display of neck and arms, and her ornaments were barbaric in their splendor.

Miss Valentine, who, like the other outsider, did not know how matters stood between the two, mentally wished "that colorless chit," as she termed Graham, out of the way; but as the wish formed itself in her brain Nell came in, and she had enough to do to hold her own with the outspoken girl, who did not disguise in the slightest how intensely she disliked her.

"Are you going to take me in to dinner?" said Miss Valentine in an undertone to Noel.

"I'm sure I'm awfully sorry," he began, "but——"

"Oh, won't you?"

"The fact is, I've already asked Miss Falconer."

"Oh, I'm so sorry! I've been looking forward so much to a long chat with you."

"You do me great honor," said Noel. But he did not offer to take her in on the following evening.

"Noel," whispered Graham, when they were safely seated at the table, "that woman hates me."

"Nonsense, my darling—it is impossible."

"She frightens me," continued Graham. "I caught her eyes just now, and she looked as if she could have murdered me. Oh, she is clever, notwithstanding that she pretends to be so simple and childishly fond of you! She will come between us some time—I am certain of it."

"What foolish, groundless fears you have, my own! You must not fancy every one has such bad taste as yourself, my darling. I am not the sort of man for two heiresses to quarrel about."

"That woman wants you," said Graham, "and"—taking Noel's hand under cover of the tablecloth—"she shall not have you."

"Indeed she shall not!" declared Noel, laughing.

Eventually he teased Graham out of her fears, and brought the smiles back to her face again; but that night Nell awoke to find her cousin sobbing passionately in the dark.

"What is it, Graham?" implored she. "Tell me, darling."

"It is that woman, Nell. I cannot sleep for those glittering black eyes—I see them whichever way I turn."

"She is a cad," said Nell, in the emphatic Wyvill fashion—"don't think about her"—and chattered on about other subjects until at length her cousin fell asleep. "Ah, Madam Hilda," she muttered, shaking her clenched hand in the direction of Hilda's room, "you have more of the snake about you than this poor child imagines! She is too honorable a rival for you."

CHAPTER XI.

The morn was bright and fair. As the group of men, eager and anxious for the coming sport, lounged about the old hall and the stately flights of steps leading to the drive, Graham made her first appearance.

"I am positively ashamed to come into sight," she said, in reply to the greetings.

Noel contrived to get her into a corner out of earshot.

"You are better, my darling?"

"Better?" repeated she. "I have not been ill—only lazy."

"Yes, dear, but Nell told me. If you wish, I will stay at home with you."

"Nonsense! I would not for anything have you miss your day's sport. Ah, don't speak of it! I am ashamed of myself that I, a Falconer, should show so little pluck."

"I shall see you at luncheon?"

"Yes—we are to meet you at the keeper's cottage."

"Are you coming in that dress? I like it. I have never seen you in that sort of dress. But then I love you, my darling, in anything!"

"Very properly," remarked Graham.

"Now, then, Hammersley," cried Sir Gore from the steps, "nearly ready, old man?"

"Yes, coming directly."

"Oh—and, Noel, don't forget to save some feathers of the first bird you shoot."

"No, my darling—good-bye!"

Dorothy, who had not seen much of her sister and cousin, carried them off without ceremony to her boudoir.

"Molly and Jack will be here before luncheon," she said as she arranged herself in a cosy chair.

"Oh, then you have had a letter! Why did they not come last evening?"

"They got to Edinburg, but the baby screamed so frightfully about something that they missed the train."

"I wonder how Jack likes that," said Nell. "I cannot fancy Molly with a baby."

"Nor I. Whatever did my father say when he heard it?"

"I don't know. None of us presumed to tell him, and mother said she dared not. I really don't know whether he knows it or not. What do you think of Molly calling him 'John Francis'?"

"Oh, it is too absurd! She must have been cracked to think of it."

"Why?" said Graham. "They are very good names."

"Very; but John Francis, or J. F., as we used to call him, was an old friend and admirer of Molly's—without any exception the most awful simpleton you ever saw. I believe that as a geologist and naturalist he was very clever, or rather learned; but to talk to—oh, wasn't he awful, Nell?"

"Yes; he always used to call Molly 'Miss Mary,' and sometimes at our nursery tea he would sit without speaking for half an hour, munching bread-and-butter and gaping at Molly. At last he spoke, and Molly referred him to papa—and then didn't he get a peppering!"

"But Molly did not care for him," said Graham innocently.

"Molly?" shrieked Nell. "Why, it was after she met Jack! She used to make the most awful game of him."

"Speaking of game, I wonder what my father will say when he hears of your little game," said Lady Fairlie, in a meditative tone.

Nell pursed up her mouth.

"Don't even speak of it. I fully expect he will go mad. To have two daughters married is bad enough, but to give one to a man of war! My parent will quiver and dance like a Shaker."

"I expect he will. And how do affairs stand between you and Mr. Hammersley, Graham? I suppose you are engaged to him?"

Graham laughed.

"Something of that kind," she said, "only it's of no use speaking of it just yet. You see we cannot very well marry till I am of age, and it's of no use putting uncle into a fuss till the time comes."

"No, of course not. Besides, if it is kept quiet, you will have so many more chances of seeing Mr. Hammersley."

"Listen!" interposed Nell. "Is not that a carriage?"

"Yes—it is Molly."

In another moment Molly came in to be hugged and kissed. At last Jack, who had been quite left out in the cold, was noticed; and then Dorothy demanded to see the baby.

"Well," ejaculated Nell, outspoken as usual, drawing a deep breath, "I have never seen such an ugly little wretch in all my days."

"Why, he is a perfect beauty!" cried the young mother.

"Oh, yes, he will grow up quite a beauty!" affirmed Dorothy wisely.

"Go to!" laughed Nell. "What do you know about it? I should think you have never seen a baby of this age before. I'm sure I haven't."

"How do you know?"

"I'm certain of it. But I say, Molly, whatever made you call him 'John Francis'?"

In blank dismay Molly looked from one to another.

"Do you know I never once thought of it."

"Come now, that won't do. If I were Jack, I should be jealous."

"What's that?" asked Jack.

"Did you never know that Molly had an old flame called John Francis, and that she has named your son after him?"

"John Francis?" repeated Jack in a dubious tone. "No, I don't think I have ever heard of Mr. Francis before."

"Not Mr. Francis—Mr. John Francis Chilton?"

"Oh, now I have it! She doesn't mean that awful duffer we saw in Idleminster station the other day?"

"Yes!" answered Molly, laughing.

"My dear Nell," said Mr. Lacy, laying his hand on his sister-in-law's shoulder, "I have too good an opinion of myself—do you understand?"

"I always knew you were very conceited," replied Nell.

"My dear children, have you any idea of the time?" said Dorothy suddenly. "If any of us are going to the keeper's cottage, we must go at once. Molly dear, will you go?"

"No, thanks; I have baby to see after. Jack will go, of course."

"Then I shall stay with you," said Dorothy.

"No, dear—I would rather you did not. I shall be miserable if you insist upon making a visitor of me."

"I won't do that. Well, then, we must get ready."

The whole party set out across the park, Nell and Graham in their fresh white dresses soon getting far ahead of the others. The men, who were very warm and tired, were already at the cottage, and Noel and Douglas came forward to meet the two girls. The luncheon passed off with much fun and merry-making, and after half-an hour's grace the gentlemen set off once more upon their peregrinations, and the girls had to entertain each other.

On the next day the men were to shoot the Ordmore covers, and during the morning the ladies drove over to meet them at the Castle. All the young ladies went together in the break, and Graham was infinitely amused to see the effect her domain produced upon Hilda and Nell. She had got over her unpleasant impressions of Miss Valentine, and could hardly refrain from laughing at her awe-struck face as they drove into the courtyard.

"I have never seen such a place!" gasped Nell. "Why, the village is a mile below."

"No, dear—only half by the bridle-road, which twists and turns very much."

"If the bridge from the mainland to the crag were broken, you would be isolated!"

"Oh, it cannot be—besides, there are twenty ways down the sides of the crag!" cried Graham, laughing as she jumped down.

"Now, Mrs. McGilp, is all ready for us?"

"Bless ye, my bonnie bairn!" cried the old woman, taking her young mistress into her arms. "It's gey braw to hae a sight o' your sweet face again. Janet here's the young mistress."

A hard-featured old woman came out hastily as the housekeeper spoke.

"Eh, my cannie lassie, my wee bit bairnie, how I hae hungered to see ye!"

"Don't eat me, please, nurse," said Graham, with a comical face at Nell. "Let me take these ladies into the drawing-room, and then I will come for a long chat with you."

She led the way into a charming room overlooking the sea, apologising gracefully for the little "scene" which had taken place in the hall.

"You must forgive them—you see they are the people amongst whom I was born. Janet nursed my father before me, and Mrs. McGilp was born in the house; so they naturally make much of me after a year's absence."

As she left the room Nell turned to Molly, who was standing near her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ENGLISH DINNERS.

A London letter says for a lady to go to a dinner party or any other party in England in what is called her "best black silk," as Americans say, would be fatal to her social reputation as a person of high ton. A dinner-dress for a lady in England is something I tremble at. When she gets to the drawing-room the end of the skirt is at the hall door; and nothing is on her neck and bust! Like the green salad, she comes to the table frequently undressed, so far as her vis-a-vis can see. Her hair is ornamented with fine feathers, flowers and jewels. Her neck is a terror to an arm of any loving propensities in black cloth, for the slightest contact would carry off much powdered starch. But around it diamonds dwell and emeralds glitter or sapphires blaze. Each shoulder is ornamented with a baby bow or band, and these constitute the upper part of the dress, with the exception of the small bunch of flowers primly placed on the chest-bone. In short, to be placed vis-a-vis before a magnificent sample of a champion young English, rare roast-beef wife, with a one-button bodice and a sixteen-button pair of gloves on, makes a fellow capable of "looking unutterable things." As a rule the style and ornamentation of the English dinner-tables excel those of all other countries, year in and year out. The pure white damask table cloth and the fresh folds smoothed so symmetrically, the hanging ends and sides so rigidly right, at once proclaims the presence of a good butler. The cultery, the glass, the silver, candelabra—in a word, the ensemble is perfect. The head butler is a household terror. I scarcely know where the head butler's privileges end, though I know where they begin. His aim in life is to get all he can and keep all he gets. He would die in the hall rather than open the door, even if his mistress was fainting on the steps outside. He would no more think of handing a dish to you, even if you gasped for it, than he would refuse a tradesman's bribe or "tip." So, also, from the head to the second butler, and down to the kitchen-maid; they rule sublimely and imperiously, rule each other, and all rule the mistress of the house—their house.

THIS is a hard world. Every rose has its thorn, but not one thorn in a hundred has its rose.

RECEIPTS GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co. have published a charming little volume of the later poems of Longfellow, with all the attractive style for which they are so well known. The opening chapters are devoted to "Kenmos," which gives the title to the book. This is followed by "Birds of Passage," which contains the "Herons of Elmwood," "Castles in Spain," and other flights of charming fancy. The other pages are devoted to a variety of sonnets, some of which have been published before, but in the book are even more attractive. The volume is full of that exquisite sentiment and genuine heart-felt poetry, which is always associated with the name of Longfellow. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard, of Boston, and New York, have published the first volume of a beautiful series of books for young folks, and belonging to the "Heroes of History" series. This initial volume is "The Voyage and Adventures of Vasco De Gama," by George M. Towle. The romance of history could not be used to better advantage than by making it an element in juvenile publications, and the varied life of the explorer, Vasco De Gama, is a peculiarly interesting one. Grown-up, and grey-bearded boys can read this little history with as much delight as their children. Such works are as excellent in narrative as they are pure in tone. This volume is finely bound, and printed in large, clear type, and is full of very good illustrations. Price, $1.00. Messrs. Lee & Shepard also issue "The Fall of Damascus," an historical novel, by Charles Wells Russell. The style of the book is good, and the pictures of oriental life, as viewed in the remote past, strikingly scholarly. The author has the gift of fiction, and he poetizes the epoch he represents in a very interesting manner. There are notes at the end of the volume, but they are not pedantic. One volume, 288 pages, bound in fine cloth. Price, $1.50. The same firm publish "A Year Worth Living," a story of a place and of a people one cannot afford not to know, by William M. Baker, author of "Inside," etc. The nucleus of this tale appeared in *The Christian at Work*, of New York. It is full of fine humor, is written with a dash, and is very entertaining. Bound in fine ornamented cloth, 325 pages. Price, $1.50. Messrs. Lee & Shepard also issue "Adventures of a Consul Abroad," by Samuel Sampleton, Esq., late U. S. Consul at Verdecuerno. This is the heroic *nom de plume* of Mr. Luigi Monti, the author. It is, without doubt, the history of an actual experience abroad, and it contains a great deal of life and fun, and a preponderance of truth, political and otherwise, which ought to make it take. This is a book of 269 pages, clear type, and fine cloth binding. Price, $1.50. The same firm publish No. 5 of the "Reading Club and Handy Speaker," being selections in prose and poetry, serious, humorous, pathetic, patriotic and dramatic, for readings and recitations, by George M. Baker. The best authors are represented here. It is neat little volume in 97 pages, bound in stamped cloth. Price, 50 cents. Paper, 15 cents. All of the above publications of Messrs. Lee & Shepard are for sale by the enterprising publishers of this city, Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros., of this city, have published the eighteenth volume of "The Dollar Series," called "The Coquette; or, The Life and Letters of Eliza Wharton," by Mrs. Hannah Foster, wife of Rev. John Foster, of Brighton, and daughter of Grant Webster, of Boston, with an historical preface and memoir of the author, by Jane E. Locke. The interest and the fate of Eliza Wharton is to be explained only by the air of mystery which surrounds her. One volume, tan vellum, black and gold. Price, $1.00. Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bro. also publish, in the same series, "The Man in Black," by G. P. R. James, the well-know author of "The Cavalier," etc. This is the 28th volume published by this firm of "Sterling series of new and good books." One volume, paper cover, cut. Price, 75 cents.

Messrs. Fords, Howard & Hurlbert, of New York, announce that Mrs. H. B. Stowe's new novel, "Poganuc People, their Loves and Lives," will appear on Wednesday, May 23. Mrs. Stowe's fame is sufficiently well established to secure the success of this work. It is attractive, witty and merry, and will be found a most entertaining narrative.

MAGAZINES.

Appleton's Journal for June, is full of excellent matter, containing four finely illustrated papers, including the Frontispiece, an illustration to "Jet." "Her Face, or Her Fortune," by C. D. Reinhart. W. H. Rideing contributes No. III. of the "American at Work," "The Genesis and History of a Silver Dollar," with twelve illustrations. Rev. P. D. Hay has a paper with two illustrations, called "South Carolina Relics." Julia Hawthorne's story of "Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds," is concluded. "By Celia's Arbor," also concludes. Christian Reid has a short story, "Nathalie's Romance;" C. P. Cranch an essay, "Old Fogies;" and Edgar Fawcett a poem, "The Wasp's Nest." J. Brander Matthews writes pleasantly on "Varieties of Verse," and H. W. Raymond on "The Sasburg Ruins." A series of articles on French writers and artists, has for its initial number "Ernest d'Hervilly," by W. Minturn. H. M. Robinson discusses "Socrates," a reminiscence. Mrs. Susan Fenimore Cooper, in "Otsego Leaves No. I," touches upon birds then and now. There are also three good poems, excellent talk in "Editor's Table" and "Reviews."

The British Quarterly Review for April re-published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., of New York, reaches us through Mr. W. B. Zieber, of this city. It contains ten exhaustive articles upon the live topics of the day; the papers, "Mycenæ," "A Woman's Reply to Frederic Harrison's Soul and Future Life," "Constantinople," "The Russian and Turkish War," and "Phases of the Eastern Question," being particularly seasonable and excellent. "The First Ten Years of the Canadian Dominion," will interest Americans, as well as our neighbors. There is a magnificent critique on "Victor Hugo," and this, to our mind, is the *piece de resistance* of the number. The reviews on contemporary literature are all good, and the whole number is a very substantial one.

Lippincott's magazine for June is excellently illustrated, that feature of this fine periodical growing in merit month by month.

"Easter on the Riviera" is the title of the opening paper. "The Four-in-hand, and Glances at the Literature of Coaching" recalls the modes of traveling of a by-gone day, *apropos* of the recent trip to Philadelphia of the New York Coaching Club, with illustrations depicting the different styles of equipages, from the state carriage of Queen Elizabeth to the "drags" driven by Colonel Jay and other members of the club. Edward King has a second article on Roumania, full of graphic sketches and interesting details. "The Masons of Virginia" gives the history of a family tragedy by a lady personally acquainted with the actors and events. Marion Couthouy writes appreciatingly of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Dr. H. S. Schell describes some new discoveries in "Visual Photography," and Lucy H. Hooper gives an account of "Parisian Maniacs and Madhouses." The stories in this number are numerous and varied. Besides the serial, "For Percival," and the conclusion of Dr. Mitchell's "Hephzibah Guinness," there is an amusing character sketch, "The Professor of Dollingen," by Anna Eichberg, a pathetic story of French life; "Rue St. Jean," and an exciting incident of railroad travel, "Chased by an Engine." Three of our best poetesses, Louise Chandler Moulton, Celia Thaxter, and Emma Lazarus contribute to this number; and the Gossip, besides other good things, gives some hints on art study by Miss Emily Sartain, who thoroughly understands her subject.

Potter's American Monthly for June, published by Messrs. John E. Potter & Co., of this city is a superb number. The illustrations are all fine and the contents varied and interesting. There is a very graphic sketch of the Glen of the Adirondacks, Au Sable Chasm, by J. Bonsall; illustrated. A good story "An Old Time Courtship," in six chapters by F. M. Colby; A poem "Salo's Violin," by G. B. Griffith; Chapter VIII. of Herbert Orton or Justice's Courts in the West, by J. R. Musick; A poem "Mortality and Immortality," a paper "Historical Facts Concerning Food" by G. B. Griffith; illustrated. Chapter XX. of "The Three Naomies and the Yosemite Valley" by Mrs. C. Durang; "Those Two Deaf Mutes" by F. E. Wadleigh; "Notes on Carvings, Mediæval and Renaissance," by G. C. Mason, Jr., illustrated; "Daniel Webster's Home;" Notes and Queries, showing a most curious research and a great deal of erudition, Current Memoranda of the topics of the day; Literature and Art, a resume of the books and pictures in vogue; Gossip and Note Book, containing lively paragraphs upon all kinds of pleasant topics. The mechanical execution of this magazine is all that could be desired. Subscription, Price only $3.00 a year.

The American Journal of the Medical Sciences for April, contains new and valuable matter for the specialist. There are twenty one papers in original communications, memoirs and cases, written by the highest medical authorities in the world. There are three fine critiques upon medical works which treat of special diseases. In the Department of Analytical Bibliographical Notices, there are twenty-three papers rich in valuable matter. The Quarterly Summary takes up no less than fifty-nine pages of finely printed matter. American Intelligence contains seven articles. This is one of the best periodicals of its kind extant.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly for May contains a beautiful colored lithograph of the superb feathered Celosia, and plenty of fine illustrations. Of course all the contents are first rate as usual, and there is much of value to all readers.

The Southern Historical Society Papers, for May, is a very good periodical. It contains among other able articles a very well written article on "Grant as a Soldier and Civilian," by Gen. Maury. It is edited by Rev. J. Wm. Jones, D. D., Secretary of the Southern Historical Society. Subscription price $8.

The Magazine of American History for May contains "The Voyage of Vonango," by B. F. DaCosta, with map; "Philip Van Cortlandt's Autobiography," by Dr. Van Wyck; "Irving's History of New York; a letter from "Diedrich Knickerbocker;" Notes, Queries and Replies; the April proceedings of the New York Historical Society, and Literary Notices.

NEW MUSIC.

F. W. Helmick, of Cincinnati, O., has published a nice little collection of Sunday school songs called "Golden Shore," by J. F. Kinsey. Price 30 cents, or $25 per hundred, in currency or postage stamps.

Messrs. White, Smith & Co., of Boston, have published and send us the following new music: "The Song of the Bells," from Les Cloches de Corneville, by Planquette; for voice; very pretty and not difficult; "Home Rule for Old Ireland," by Edward Kendall, song and chorus; "Jamboree," medley for piano forte, by C. A. White, easy and very nice; "Mountain Zephyrs," reverie for piano forte, by Chas. V. Clay, an effective composition in one flat; "Remembrance Waltzes," by R. H. Pluppen, easy and pretty.

Dr. Franklin recommends a young man, in the choice of a wife, to select her from a bunch, giving as his reason, that when there are many daughters they improve each other, and from emulation acquire more accomplishments, and know more, and do more, than a single child spoiled by paternal fondness.

The fashionable bracelet in Paris is called *l'esclevage*—slavery. It is a fetter of gold worn on the arm, above the elbow, and is riveted and soldered by the jeweler in the presence of the giver to be worn till death, or divorce, or separation. The jeweler, when the operation is over, bids the lady to call next day to see that the rivet holds firmly. She comes, and the treacherous goldsmith confides to her the secret of a concealed spring, by means of which she can remove the fetter at will.

A Missouri paper says it knows of a girl there who, one night last summer, attended a ball, danced all night, and went home in the morning, got breakfast, dinner, and supper for ten harvest hands, did a week's washing, and the milking, made a calico dress, practiced her music lesson, went blackberrying, gathered a gallon, walked to town in the evening to attend a concert, and walked home again before bedtime.

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SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 18, 1878.

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ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS.
NEWS OF INTEREST.
MISCELLANY.

READ our new story, "His Right Eye," commenced in this present number. The incidents regularly increase in interest as they succeed each other.

IT is the main object of the POST to please all its readers. Therefore it strives to embody in its pages such a variety of matter, and, as it is par excellence a story paper, such a diversity of tales, whether short stories or serials, as will respond to the average taste, talent and culture of its readers.

ALL works of art are worthy of the earnest attention of those who love intellectual culture, whether they be originals or mere copies. Therefore, good oleographs are every way as capable of teaching æsthetic lessons as the original oil painting, and, what is something to be considered now-a-days, are infinitely cheaper.

IT is alleged, and probably with very good reason, that there is no nation which so thoroughly understands the art of dress and the science of fashion, as the French. It is also asserted, with equal truth, that we Americans possess all that fondness for color, form and texture which characterizes the Gallic people and makes them the supreme artists which they are. To dress well is an index of refinement, and it is not to be disputed that elegance of toilette betokens the cultured lady and separates her from the lower circles of fashionable caste. It is therefore the duty of every lady to endeavor to add to grace of person the charm of fashion, and make herself attractive by means of her thorough understanding of the distinction between what is, and what is not, becoming to her. The series of ably-edited articles appearing in the POST, in Fashion Chat, convey all the information necessary to such an understanding, and are really an invaluable guide to the science of dress; and all our lady readers have so deemed them, by their encouragement, approval and patronage.

THERE is nothing which so needs the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, or of any other society which has Christian charity for its stimulus, as the cruelty practised, oftimes unconsciously it is to be hoped, upon sensitive young men and women whose tastes and aspirations lead them into certain fields of thought which the multitude, who merely seek profit and who lack special talent, invariably endeavor to avoid. It is the acme of cruelty to force young people who possess tastes and bent of mind which lead them into art, letters or the liberal professions, into callings in which they take no interest, and in which they are literally imprisoned in a sort of death in life. Many a clerk, and many a seamstress, and many a laborer, are plodding along in a certain set groove of daily toil, aspiring, yet not daring to hope, and almost despairing, simply because they are not following the bent of the peculiar talent for which nature has fitted them. It is very well to say that there is no daily toil which ought to be uncongenial, from breaking stones up to leading orchestras or painting pictures. It is true, and the truth stares us in the face day after day, that Pope's axiom, "Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," is an actual and oftimes pathetic reality, and though discipline and habit may do much to fetter ordinary minds, there are noble and high souls who are forever doomed into an Inferno on earth, through being cruelly forced in youth into a vocation for which they have not the slightest aptitude.—It is unnecessary to quote the beautiful and majestic verses of that most magnificent, most pathetic and most musical poem in the English language, "Gray's Elegy," which touches upon this topic in its entirety, the aspiration and the disappointment, and the bitter end of all. Then let us strive to better the interests and conditions of young people, and lead them into higher fields of thought, and enable them to secure victory and not defeat, fame and not despair, and so bring out the latent genius of every one of us, that our lives and the lives of our neighbors may be made golden periods of good endeavor and ripe fruition and success.

DUTY.

This little English word has not too many admirers, for it is a hard, stern word, which points an inflexible finger of command toward dismal and dark roads that may prove labyrinths. But there is no resisting the call of duty. "To hear is to obey," and many a pathetic life struggle has had that four-lettered word as its daily, hourly incubus, from whose desperate commands only the strongest souls could hope to escape. Yet what would the world be without this innate sense of conscience, which keeps the laborer to the complete performance of his work, and tends to make the business of this petty planet of ours so harmonious in all its details, and therefore so strong. The difficult matter is to know exactly what duty to obey, the duty of filial obedience, the duty of innate genius, which prompts its possessor to fight for its revelation; the duty of servant toward master, and of master toward servant.

It is at the best a noble word, however, because it makes men better, more unselfish, more eager to obey conscience, more true to the instincts of life; and it is to be considered with the highest respect of the philosopher. It is the dark fate of our lives, the grim goddess who rules the pulsations of nations as well as individuals, and it has no heart. It is coldly intellectual, and it points the way we must go. Disobedience to duty she punishes by the avenging furies that pursue through life and tease the soul into torture.

Possessions vanish and opinions change,
And passion holds a fluctuating seat:
But, subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
Duty remains.

SANCTUM CHAT.

IT is said the fashionable colors are opal, turquoise, silver gray, lavendar, and fawn. How about Jasper, the black diamond?

WE are glad to note the fact that the friends of Wellesly College, Massachusetts, are endeavoring to raise sufficient funds to defray the expenses of scholarships for deserving young women who desire to pursue all liberal studies. This is a move which marks indeed an era of progress and culture.

THE blessings which true Christian philanthropy is spreading among the forlorn, desperate, and over-worked people of the world, are growing year by year, and those who "do good by stealth," need not "blush to find it fame." Here now for example, in London some angels of mercy—rich and charitable ladies—have established homes for the worn-out London workmen. A house has been taken at the sea side in Devonshire. One lady agrees to pay the rent, another to furnish, and there are plenty of noble souls who will respond to subscriptions.

THE revival of old-fashioned things not only in bric-a-brac, but in coaching, has awakened in France the desire to reproduce old-time dances. Lately in Paris, under the auspices of the Minister of Public Instruction, there were danced several picturesque and beautiful measures of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. First, a sarabande, to an air of Lulli's of 1675; then a minuet, to a tune of Bertin's, 1718; the gavotte, music of Lulli, 1659, the passepied, to an air of Destouches, and the Forlane of Aubert, 1735. All of these dances are interesting, and surely no one who has heard the music of the minuet and gavotte, will ever say that these rhythmical and slow terpsichorean meanderings, are uninteresting.

AMONG the curiosities of rumor may be mentioned the prophecies of an English monk, made in 1873, regarding the year 1878. He predicts, among other things, "New European Congress at Berlin, death of the Queen of England, new sharing of territory by Austria and Russia, disorders in Portugal, Poland and Russia, cholera in France." Not a word concerning Turkey's troubles, not a word respecting hard times, not a word about divers disasters by sea and land, which have already occurred. Apropos of the cholera in France, the reader is reminded of that powerful description in Sue's "Juif Errant," where the advent of the cholera was supposed to be connected with the advent of Ahashuerus.

THE electric light is becoming the popular topic now, and it has been used so successfully in Europe for purposes of illumination, that we can prophesy at no late day an entire revolution in this regard; for the light, it is alleged, is less expensive, more powerful and penetrating than any artificial light yet discovered. It was lately tried at Chicago at the waterworks, and it revealed the actual colors of nature, made the gas light look yellow and smoky, and enabled observers to note surroundings as readily as if it were day-time. The only question about the electric light which suggests itself is, whether it can be placed sufficiently high and subdued to a sufficient degree to prevent its intense rays from blinding the eyes, or at least seriously impairing the organ of vision. Possibly if the electric light comes into fashion we shall require new inventions to protect the eyes from its painful and dazzling brightness. Science will of course interfere here as she has always done for man's benefit.

To those who would enjoy a world of pleasure in a quiet way, we say, let them purchase a first class microscope and devote themselves to the study of the marvellous universe of atoms all around them. The superb structure of the animalcule which are hardly to be detected by the naked eye, but which appear in the neighborhood of every green leaf, piece of wood, or bit of water, in swarms of myriads, cannot be too closely observed nor too enthusiastically admired. The wonders of the small world exceed those of the great world, and there is actually a feeling of sublimity prompted by a glance through the tube of the microscope and the revelation of the marvellous organism of mere mites. The first microscopic lenses, made of mere beads of glass, were so imperfect as to distort the objects. This distortion was not understood by the early insect anatomists, and they made drawings of their dissections which were for the most part fanciful, and they explained certain exaggerations according to their own theories. Modern science corrects these theories, but makes the actual realities of what they reveal more astonishing than ever imagination could invent. The simplicity of nature is so much more beautiful and so much more wonderful than any invention of man.

IT has been generally believed that by the act of "suttee" Hindoo wives declare their undying attachment to their husbands; but this is not so. The Brahmins themselves invented the law as a means of self-protection against their wives. Before its introduction, wives were in the habit of avenging themselves on husbands for neglect and cruelty by mixing poison with their food; and at last things came to such a height that the least matrimonial quarrel resulted in the husband's death. Of late years the law of suttee has been occasionally set at defiance, but the widow cannot altogether escape the consequences of her husband's death. His family degrade her, and put her to the most menial duties in the house.

ONE of the most depressing failures in this comical world of ours is that of the modest man who tries to appear audacious. Many a good, peacefully disposed, retiring personage has been hustled out of the doors of society for only making a feeble attempt to be philosophically impudent. No; the man who succeeds must be born with a face as tough and unblushing as a drum-head. The unwinking stolidity, the wooden stubbornness of the tobacconist Indian. There is no doubt Mr. Beeswax, weary of dunning the bold Mr. Jaw, desperately resolves on a grand show of check. "'Twan't so, I can't stand it; I must talk to him, give him a piece of my mind; I will talk to him!" But the very next time he encounters Jaw he is so overcome at the sight of the enemy that he hardly has nerve left to stammer out in a weak whisper, all the time looking as red as though he had just come from a Russian bath, "Good morning, Mr. Jaw; you couldn't—you couldn't—ahem—let me have that little amount to day, could you?" While Jaw, with a polite smile, coolly responds, "You're right for once, my friend; I couldn't," leaving Beeswax as though he had taken a cold plunge.

J. EVERETT MILLAIS' new picture, the "Bride of Lammermoor," depicts the powerful scene in that novel just after the rescue of Lucy Ashton from the attack of an enraged bull. The picture presents the master of Ravenswood and Lucy Ashton. The girl, pale visaged, yet beautiful, clings to the arm of the dark man at her side, who seems to be lost in a revery and totally unconscious of her presence. Millais, as one of the leaders of the pre-Raphaelite movement, has really proven himself a veritable proselyte to all schools, and has abandoned the tenets of that brotherhood just as the whim pleased him. His "Rescue," a scene in which two children are caught in the arms of a stalwart fireman in the midst of a fiery tempest, and the threatened ruin of a dwelling, was dramatic and powerful. The critics laughed at it because it was pre-Raphaelite. His "Return of the Dove to the Ark," was pronounced a "hay" picture, because the wisps of hay in it were so real as to be almost capable of being handled. Then Millais changed his mood and manner, and devoted himself to queer subjects and slap-dash. Of late he has been very conservative, and has kept within reason in his choice of subjects, and in his handling. This last picture of his will, no doubt, prove a pecuniary success, for Millais has the fortune to always find wealthy purchasers, who do not stand a moment over his prices, which are often enormous.

THE great playwriter of France, Victorien Sardou, in a late interview with an American litterateur, expressed himself thus: "The novel with you has killed the drama, and no wonder. You are a reading people. We receive our impressions in society, or in that highly animated semblance of it which is seen on the stage. You, yours in three-volume reports, which are brought to you at your own firesides. You tell me that England is still waiting for her great modern dramatist. Is it not because the English novel pays, and the man who made writing his profession would naturally be tempted to treat his subject in that form?" Mr. Sardou speaks true as regards the Anglo-Saxon race as a reading people. The Latin race is not such a devourer of books as England, America, and Germany are. It loves gesticulation and color, and hence the success of music, painting, and the drama as means of expression in art. Not so in intellectual England, where the rhapsody and stage effect of oratory and of manner are not taken into account at all. In that country as in this, such emphasis produces no impression, and the drama with us is an amusement, but not a necessity as it is in France, Italy, Spain, and the other countries where the people take all their ideas, their schooling, from the stage. The novelist in the English-speaking countries wields an enormous power. We are a reading people. We love calm repose and quiet thoughts and good books, and the drama for us is not and never will be a vital intellectual necessity.

ANONYMOUS CRITICISM.—VI

BY MRS. E. O. WARD.

CONTRADICTORY CRITICISM—A PROPOSITION TO AUTHORS AND REVIEWERS.

"Dangerous Ground," indeed! and quite as much so for the author as for her characters.
* * * * *
From the opening chapter to the close, we are surfeited with the flirtations of married men and women, and the suggestive comments of their friends.—*Tribune.*

The title chosen for this tale is one of the most appropriate titles ever selected for a novel. It is a well ordered, clearly written, and unusually interesting home production.—*N. Y. Mail.*

This is another of Porter & Coates' International series, and is one of the best novels in tone, purpose and literary excellence which have been recently published.—*Chronicle.*

The effect of the novel is noxious. The author's experience must have been wide and singularly spicy, for no mortal imagination could devise such, and so many, grossly erotic situations.—*Boston Literary World.*

"On Dangerous Ground" is decidedly one of the best society novels of the day, and is evidently written by one who has been a close observer.—*Herald.*

We consider it an eminently wholesome book, as teaching most impressively, but unobtrusively, the much-needed lesson of the dangers of flirtation before marriage and platonic friendship after. No young girl, no married woman but will be the better for reading it.—*New York Evening Mail.*

We find the book abounding in originality and merit of no mean order.—*New Orleans Times.*

This romance teaches more forcibly than a plain argument could, the evil consequences which flow from false notions of the marriage relation.—*Detroit Post.*

There is a glow and a warmth in the description of characters which call forth a response from the reader. You at once find yourself sympathizing with the story, and with the lessons which the writer seeks to inculcate and express.—*Albany Argus.*

The offence of this novel lies in the atmosphere of unblushing marital falsehood which pervades it. We are thankful that the wickedness described is not brilliant, or even entertaining.—*The Tribune.*

The novel under review is written in a plain, yet clear and attractive style, and its tale is told with a degree of dramatic force that holds the reader's attention to the end; its moral is unquestionably good, and is well developed; while its scenes, characters and incidents are not such as will please those whose follies, vices and foibles are held up to deserved ridicule and reprobation. But the work is worthy of the praise of honest readers and fair critics.—*The Sunday Mercury.*

The book is wholly pure in thought and aim, and the story of Mildred and the various episodes of flirting and intrigue are all narrated in the same spirit.—*Springfield Republican.*

The novel is American in every sense, and, as we have already said, its literary quality is good. The plot shows no weakness anywhere; the story is told gracefully and interestingly; the conversations are natural, sprightly, and at times almost witty, and the characters are sharply drawn with great fidelity and consistency. Altogether, the novel is very much above the common.—*New York Evening Post.*

The dullness of the story diminishes its power of doing harm.—*The Tribune.*

This story will be read with intense interest. The dangerous ground which Agatha trod lies in the mystic realm so often dreamt of—so seldom reached in safety—Platonic love.—*New Orleans Bulletin.*

As a picture of American society it goes far to justify the presentation thereof in the comedies of Sardou and Alexandre Dumas.—*The Tribune.*

The novel of American society has so often been attempted with lamentable lack of verisimilitude that we almost hesitate to announce its successful accomplishment. * * * The story is told with the utmost skill, the dialogue being sparkling, the characters unexaggerated, and the whole marked by a well-bred familiarity with the subject which has been conspicuously absent from the majority of preceding efforts to depict fashionable society.—*N. Y. World.*

From the first one sees that a moral is to be taught. The incidents are described with great vigor, the characters are well discriminated, and the pictures of fashionable life are particularly effective. The author, when she writes of what is called "society," is evidently quite at home. Every scene tells that she is "free of the guild." It is true that she is occupied principally with the "faster set" of fashionable life; but that is a necessity of the story; her heroine, without being "fast" herself, has to be thrown with "fast" people, in order that the proper sequence of events may be produced. The author writes for a purpose, and a very noble one.—*Peterson's Magazine.*

She writes with considerable skill, but her dialogues are very tedious.—*Boston Literary World.*

A great charm of the book is the vivacity of the dialogue, full of quick turns, in which a subject is tossed about from one to another after the manner of good conversation in actual life. Its diction is most pure and good. The interest is unabated from beginning to end, and the reader who takes it up will be lured from page to page, and lay it down unwillingly.—*New York Evening Mail.*

Mrs. Moore evidently knows, none better, what the "touch and go" of conversation is—quick, brief, pointed—she gives us no spun-out speeches. Her dialogue is oftener piquant than brilliant, because her observation and good sense have shown her that this is so in actual life. Her men and women speak and act precisely as if they were in society; to tell their story faithfully was a necessity, partly to contrast their sorrows or sins with the suffering and purity of the heroine.—*The Press.*

While few would have persisted in the extreme stand this heroine held, there are many women who, finding themselves on the same dangerous ground, are upheld by true principle and are enabled to come through the ordeal safely, albeit at the expense of a world of peace and happiness.—*Home Journal.*

The social laxity which, under the deludive garb of platonic affection, is constantly leading to scandals and consequent miseries, receives severe rebuke, and the moral is pointed by several incidents in which the swiftly-following disgrace effaces all memory of the so called innocent flirtations. Apart from its excellence in the matter and manner of its purpose, the story is told in such a manner as to deeply interest the reader, the language throughout being chaste, yet graphic and forcible. It is well worthy of perusal, and will be laid aside with regret.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

A plot so flimsy might be tolerated—even made attractive by a skillful hand.—*The Tribune.*

The plot of the romance is elaborated with great skill, and the interest of the story is made to turn upon the persistency with which the heroine adheres to her principles. The moral of the novel is properly enough made to impress on the reader the importance of having some standard of action, and some guiding principle by which to live, and of living up to it. The style is clear and forcible, the description vivid and picturesque, the incidents numerous and well told.—*U. S. Gazette.*

It is not surprising that such a fascinating set (of men) should make sad havoc among the women, each of which had her affinity; but unfortunately she did not discover it until he, or she, or both, had married, and there was then no alternative but elopement or divorce and a general mixing up of things.—*Phila. Times.*

Few men and fewer women would have had the courage to expose social evils with such openness. And fewer still have the nice discernment which enables Mrs. Moore to distinguish the absurdities and incongruities of our social system from its graver errors, and to satirize the one while censuring the other. * * It would be easy to select many instances where, either by rapid conversation or delicately exaggerating individual or local peculiarities, the author shows the hollowness, the falseness, and absurd pretentiousness of the phases of American society.—*Phila. Eve. Telegraph.*

The style and manner of Mrs. Moore's writings are admirable. The delicacy with which she alludes to the evils against which she writes shows her to be a woman of refinement. We do not remember the least vulgarity of expression throughout the story. Not a word can we recall that would not become a moral teacher's lips. * * * The merit of the story will give it lasting value among the novels of the Centennial year.—*Hartford Evening Post.*

The heroine (Agatha), a very unpleasant person, is the superior being who rises above the naughtiness of her friends.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Agatha is a heroine in a thousand, exquisitely conceived and not less exquisitely executed.—*N. Y. Mail.*

Agatha is a strong, pure and elevated soul, direct and absolute as truth and spotlessness can make her; full of scorn for the lightness with which society treats the sacred things of love and marriage.—*Springfield Republican.*

Certainly the impression the reader is likely to receive is that of the glaring vulgarity of all these people rather than that of Spartan virtue.—*The Nation.*

It treats a difficult subject with the greatest delicacy.—*Dr. R. S. Mackenzie.*

The instincts of womanly purity and refinement are seen on every page, and as we read the author's vigorous delineations, we are made to feel something of her own abhorrence of the dangerous social practices which are veiled under such spurious names as "flirtation" and "platonic love."—*The late John S. Hart, LL.D.*

Still, whether bad or good in its tendencies, the novel is too unimportant to need much discussion.—*The Nation.*

Notwithstanding the absorbing interest of the Centennial Exhibition (June, 1876), public opinion in the United States seems just now to be somewhat perturbed by a novel which has lately appeared, and which professes to give a representation of American society at the present time. * * It would appear that domestic life is really getting, as this novelist asserts, upon dangerous ground. We have, no doubt, our own scandals of a similar kind at home, and have no right to throw stones. But what is happening in America may at least be taken as a warning of the consequences of making free with the old securities for decorum under the belief that human nature can suddenly arrest its evil impulses at the brink of peril.—*London Saturday Review.*

It is a story of much power, and shows distinguished literary ability.—*Ed. Cornhill.*"

The reader will now be able to make for himself the application of Matheson's assertion that there are no such universally recognized canons of critical art as will enable any two writers, of different mental organizations and differing education and opinions, to arrive at identical decisions regarding a literary work, thus giving emphasis to the advice of the compiler that each person should read and judge for himself, instead of trusting to a reviewer's expression of opinion. Authors, in giving their productions to the public, know that they are laying themselves open to criticism, but they have a right to expect and to demand honest criticism, both as to the subject matter and the style of composition; and here the legitimate bounds of criticism end. It goes too far, and trenches upon the private rights of an author, when a critic drags in conjectures as to the experiences of a woman to support his assertion that her imaginative powers transcend those of mortals. It is going quite too far when he states as a fact an absolute untruth as to the course pursued by one of the characters, basing upon his falsehood an estimate of the author's low standard of morality as a wife. It is such criticism as this which should lead authors to unite in demanding that the reviews of their books shall be signed by the writers of the reviews. The Boston *Advertiser* asks, "Would not fairness and candor be served by having the reviews signed?" To which question might be added another, viz: Ought not the anonymous reviewer to be entitled to as little credence as is the anonymous letter-writer? Most certainly; and if it were so, authors would find a better understanding of the motives and aims of their books, less misrepresentation of plots, and less *animus mali* shown in the treatment of them. This is the age of a demand for reforms, and this is one of those that are most needed. Not until authors combine in some action toward such an end can it be accomplished. If they would refuse to give publishers the privilege of sending out their books to be reviewed, unless the writer of each review is required by the editor of the journal in which it appears to sign his name in full, then these anonymous attacks might be done away with, and fair and just criticisms take their place. Even when a critic has no end in view other than to get through with scores of books in a given number of hours, "there is," says the Boston *Advertiser*, "a subtle temptation to him to express himself in a caustic or even an unguarded manner under the shelter of anonymous criticism, and whatever tends to fortify a writer's conscience is worth considering." There are far more cogent reasons why the writer of a review should sign his paper than why the essayist, treating upon social, religious or scientific topics, should give his name to the public; but as long as there are men *and women* whose natures lead them to prefer dealing blows in the dark to dealing them in open daylight—to giving stabs in the back, or to shooting poisoned arrows while sneaking behind a covert, instead of standing up face to face honorably, using only fair weapons, so long will the *anonymous* reviewer ply his pen. It remains then for authors to protect themselves from such cowardly assaults, and in England they have already been called upon to unite in a movement which shall have this end in view. It is true that the day has gone by when a reviewer's notice carries the weight with it that it once did, but it is high time that the day should also pass away in which authors submit tamely to the misrepresentations of unconscientious reviewers.

By all means let anonymous criticism be done away with; let it be considered as unmanly as to write anonymous letters. Let reviewers sign their names to their papers, and then the public will be able to judge of the weight and the worth of the reviews, by the characters of their writers.

In this proposition reviewers have nothing to lose, but everything to gain, as will be seen by looking at one of its advantages. Few readers of books but are able to judge from the tone and tenor of a review whether it is an honest one, even when they have not read the book. Let a reviewer once be known as a conscientious critic, and his reviews will be sought for by those who are in search of reading matter, but who have not time to waste in wading through books that are not worth reading. He thus makes for himself a reputation that will lead him into higher walks of life than the mere "penny-a-line reviewer" can ever hope to obtain, and secures for himself plenty to do, and good pay for what he does. "Honesty is the best policy" in all things, and the only policy that will give a man peace at the last. In the meantime, while waiting for this new order of things, every effort upon the part of authors to secure fair criticism of their books, and to prevent reviewers that have not time to read them from entering into disquisitions as to their influence and aims, is a step in the right direction. Although we, of this generation, may not live to see the time when reviewers of books will be required to sign their names to their reviews, and when the anonymous reviewer, and the anonymous letter-writer, will occupy the same position morally and socially, they who come after us will surely reap the benefit of our efforts to bring about this desirable end. In the meantime the responsibility of the reviewer to the public and the reviewed, is a matter for the consideration of authors, readers and reviewers.

The compiler proposes to give, in her next paper, an answer to the *Literary World's* review of "Mercy Philbrick's Choice."

AFTER ALL.

She came and sat beside him, in her own quaint and quiet fashion, putting up her small hand at times to smooth back the clustering hair from his white forehead. She was a frail, slight little thing, with eyes as brown as a bird's, and a wealth of rippling chestnut hair that fell around her shoulders and far below her waist, enveloping her as a veil. The expression of her face was singularly sweet and tender, and her clear eye rested upon her betrothed lover with a wistful, unsatisfied look that bespoke a heart ill at rest.

Arthur Fountain leaned back indolently in his easy chair, and looked, not at his promised bride, but past her—away, away down the river, where his roving eyes rested a moment, to watch the boats in their passage up and down the stream—and beyond the river, to the green hills and meadows stretching away in the distance. He seemed almost unaware of the gentle presence that was hovering so near him.

Arthur Fountain and Alice Wynn had grown up together. From her earliest remembrances he had been her very idol—her hero, her all that was good and high and noble. What though others had called him cold and selfish? In her mind he was so far above the common crowd that he could afford to smile down upon them contemptuously from his lofty standpoint. Perhaps the gossip had a slight sting of truth in it—but Alice saw no flaw in the marble, no defect in the picture, no shadow on the glass. And why? Spirit of unselfish Devotion, of blind, idolatrous Love, answer!

For a time after their betrothal, Alice was perfectly happy; she had lavished such a wealth of affection upon Arthur Fountain—she had been so blest in giving, in yielding up to him all that was best in her heart, that she did not stop for a time to ask herself if she had received an equal measure of affection in return for her own, so lavishly given, so freely bestowed. He was kind, indeed, in his own indifferent, lordly way—he the king always, she the subject—but he seldom kissed or caressed her as men do the women whom they love and hope to wed.

Today, sitting beside him, with her brown eyes lingering lovingly upon his face, a sharp and sudden pang smote her heart, as she noted his look of quiet indifference, and gazed into the eyes that did not seek hers, but wandered past hers, and away across the river, and to the hills beyond. Something of the painful truth forced itself upon her, as she looked at him, noting his easy, indolent grace, and the calm, cold expression of his well-cut features.

Instinctively she felt that they had been and were playing at cross purposes. A thousand thoughts seemed to rush through her startled soul, but no word was spoken.

Struggling to master her emotion, that it might not betray her, she tried to ask herself if she could give him up. Could she renounce the hope that had been so dear to her, and learn to tread alone life's thorny path? Would she not be even more utterly alone, wedded to the man whom she idolized, but who gave her, as she now believed, no portion of love in return?

While thoughts like these came and went in quick succession through her mind, Arthur had risen from his seat; and observing her look of painful abstraction, he bent his handsome head toward her, and laid his hand not ungently upon hers, saying:

"Well, Allie, you are present in body, but, judging from the far-away look in your eyes, one might suppose you to be absent in spirit. Will you go for a ride this evening? Bonny needs exercise; I have not had him out since last week, and he will be off like the wind after standing idle so long. Be ready, and I'll call for you at five."

"Yes," she answered desperately, "I will go. Come at five."

"Good-bye, then," he said, deliberately buttoning his glove and adjusting the light hat over his curls.

A minute later the hall door clanged behind him and she heard his footsteps on the pavement below.

"Yes, I will go," she said to herself; "it will be only this once, and afterward I shall be stronger, and can better say to him what I must say at last. Oh, Arthur!" she moaned, "is it that another has come between us; or did I but fill conceal the love I bore you, and Pity thought to reign in Love's stead? I will be gay this evening, our last evening together; and when you receive back your freedom at my hands, you shall not know that it costs me a pang, but think me, as I would to heaven I were, heartless!"

She dressed herself for the ride with unusual care, and came floating down the stairs to meet him, "a flutter of white from head to foot." He stood a moment, as if half entranced at the sight of that lovely vision, and then said:

"Allie, you are radiant to-night. You should always wear white."

And with something like a lover's tenderness shining in his eyes, he took her delicately gloved hand in his, and escorted her to the light carriage.

"White for the birth, the bridal, and burial, you know, Arthur," she said half absently, as she leaned back among the crimson cushions of the carriage, making, in her floating fleecy raiment, a picture very fair to look upon.

Bonny was in high spirits, and they were whirled rapidly along the country road, winding through green lanes and meadows and waving trees. Arthur was attentive, and more lover like, she thought sadly, than she had ever known him; while she, on her part, exerted herself to the utmost to appear gay and light of heart. But underneath all the all the mirth and laughter, her heart lay dying, it seemed, in her breast.

It was after sunset when Arthur turned the horse's head homeward. Usually the animal was quiet enough; but this evening he appeared possessed of an evil spirit. Every shadow near the roadside startled him. Suddenly an owl on a tree near by uttered his dismal "To-whoo!"

At the first sound, borne shrilly along the evening air, the horse sprang forward—on, on he flew, never heeding the iron grasp on the reins—becoming every instant more unmanageable. Pale as marble, Alice shrank closer to Arthur's side, uttering no word or cry, but with a strange expression upon her white face. A moment more and the carriage was dashed sharply and suddenly against a tree by the roadside, hurling the occupants out.

When Alice Wynn awoke to consciousness, she was lying upon her own bed, in her quiet room at home. She tried to think why she lying there, and what it was that had happened. Slowly memory returned to her, and she remembered being thrown violently to the ground from the carriage, and after that all was a blank until now. Some one was sitting at the foot of the bed; she could not see the face, but she heard a voice, low and tremulous with tears, breathing a prayer to the Infinite:

"Spare her, O Heaven! and my whole future life shall tell how deeply, devotedly, I love her."

"Arthur!" she said softly, and started at the sound of her own voice, it had such a queer and pathetic little quaver running through it.

"Thank Providence!" he cried, starting up and gathering her, poor little wan flower, close to his breast.

"You love me now, Arthur?"

"Not more now than always, darling," he answered, pressing his lips to hers fondly, and divining in a moment her thoughts. "But hereafter my love shall find expression in every look and tone. I have been a careless fellow, but this accident has taught me a lesson I shall never forget. Say you forgive me, Allie!"

We all know what she said. And so it came about that they were very happy, after all!

SPRING AND WINTER.

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

The world buds every year;
But the heart just once, and when
The blossoms fall off here
No new blossom comes again.
Ah! the rose goes with the wind;
But the thorns remain behind.

Was it well in him, if he
Felt not love, to speak of love so?
If he still unmoved must be,
Was it noble sought to move so?
Pluck the flower, and yet not wear it?
Spurn, despise it, yet not spare it?

Need he say that I was fair,
With such meaning in his tone,
Just to speak of one whose hair
Had the same tinge as my own?
Pluck my life up, root and bloom,
Just to plant it on her tomb?

And she'd scarce so fair a face,
(So he used to say), as mine,
And her form had far less grace,
And her brow was far less fine:
But 'twas just that he loved then
More than he can love again.

Why, if beauty could not bind him,
Need he praise me, speaking low,
Use my face just to remind him
How no face could please him now?
Why, if loving could not move him,
Did he teach me still to love him?

And he said my eyes were bright,
But his own he said were dim;
And my hand, he said, was white,
But what was that to him?
"For," he said, "in gazing at you,
I seem gazing at a statue."

"Yes," he said, "he had grown wise now
He had suffered much of yore;"
But a fair grace to his eyes now
Was a fair face, and no more.
Yet the anguish and the bliss,
And the dream, too, had been his.

Why these words, a thought too tender,
For the common places spoken?
Looks whose meaning seemed to render
Help to words when speech came broken?
Why so late in July moonlight
Just to say what's said by noonlight?

HIS RIGHT EYE.

How It Did and Undid

BY HALE LEWISON.

I.

EVERY MAN TO HIS PLACE.

About Mr. Murdrone's left eye there was nothing more remarkable than that it bore always the peculiar characteristics of the eye of a stuffed bird; that is, it was very wide open, very staring, and rather uncomfortable in its fixedness. But the right eye was the distinctive feature of Mr. Murdrone's face. Still, no one ever saw that eye, nor could any one tell why it was not on view, like Mr. Murdrone's nose, or his mouth, or his ears. The lid of his right eye was always down, however—passively down, like a window curtain with its fastenings gone, left to hang limp at its very lowest; but still positively down, so that had Mr. Murdrone been suddenly called upon to dance among red-hot plowshares, there is no reason to suppose that his right eye would have aided him to save his shins by so much as a single wink.

The effect of this peculiar condition of Mr. Murdrone's eyes was that when you looked at the left one you were impressed with the idea that here was a man who was extraordinarily wide awake; while a glance at the right eye gave you just as striking an impression that here was a man in remarkably sound sleep. It was in vain that you tried to look away from the right eye and forget it; and you finally resigned yourself hopelessly to the contemplation of it, until Mr. Murdrone loomed up before you like some newly evolved and gigantic variety of the fowl that sleeps with one eye open.

But how came Mr. Murdrone's right eye to be closed? This was the end of all speculation upon it; you were landed helpless before the monstrous interrogatory. How came it so?

Was he born with it?
Did he get it by accident?
Was it the result of a personal encounter?
Was it the partial penalty of a crime?

It was surprising how rapidly you glided over these various speculations until you reached the last and worst; and then somehow you found it impossible to go back and adopt the first.

And all this was the more remarkable because Mr. Murdrone was not a known criminal or dangerous man. On the contrary, he was the most conservative of conservatives. His creed was: Every Man to His Place; Providence has put some here and some there; we can't all be kings and queens; no crowding into places where Providence has not put you; Every Man to His Place. Mr. Murdrone declared this creed on all occasions; in fact, if all the world had been a college, all the people either students or teachers, and Mr. Murdrone the Professor of Every Man to His Place, and only afraid that he should not earn his salary, he could not have labored more industriously in this way. He drilled Miss Tillie, his daughter, in Every Man to His Place, and in nothing at all beside. Providence, in the Murdrone philosophy, was a vast appointment office continually engaged with Every Man to His Place. In this view, all of Mr. Murdrone's servants, his coachman, his gardener, his cook, held their places by appointment direct from Providence, and must never, all their lives long, try to crowd out of the places to which Providence had appointed them. Mr. Murdrone had never encountered a case of even poverty or misfortune which he had not promptly cured to his own entire satisfaction by a stern application of Every Man to His Place.

Mr. Murdrone's left eye had been glaring over the morning paper at the breakfast table at the time this tale opens. He had not failed to find a case for the application of his maxim. A young carpenter, lately started in business for himself and employing a number of hands, had been burned out the night before. Mr. Murdrone drew the moral especially for Miss Tillie's benefit:

"He wasn't satisfied to stay where Providence had put him; he wanted to be a boss; he's a Crowder. Every Man to His Place," said Mr. Murdrone, and he looked as if he felt really obliged to Providence for pointing his maxim so effectively in the young carpenter's burning out.

Mr. Murdrone sat in his business room that morning, looking out (with his staring left eye) upon his rows of houses, when there came in one of the men appointed by Providence to be his tenants. This was old Stephen Hislop, who, when he was sober, kept a little stock of knicknacks in one of Mr. Murdrone's smaller tenements, and when he was not sober, generally left the store to take care of itself, much to the delight of the boys of the neighborhood. Old Stephen was a sad prodigate, and failed in everything but the payment of his rent. It was about his rent that he had now come.

"Eh! Hislop, is it?" exclaimed Mr. Murdrone when Old Stephen had stood waiting some minutes.

"Yes, Mr. Murdrone," replied the old man. "I wanted to know if you would object to me sub-lettin', my second floor."

"Eh! what?" exclaimed Mr. Murdrone.

"Sub-lettin' my second floor, sir."

"Suppose you send some people who want houses to me, Hislop. I've got lots of empty houses."

"Guess you wouldn't want this lot sir," responded Old Stephen; "there ain't no money in it, I expect."

"I've heard of such cases before, where the plan was to get two families housed for one rent."

"This is a widow woman, sir." Old Stephen explained meekly; "an' though I don't pretend but she may do me a turn now and then mindin' the store, it a'n't that I'm takin' her for. She's been sick, an' was littrelly turned out o' house an' home. An' she's got a nijjut boy."

"A what?"

"A nijjut boy—a nat'ral," replied Old Stephen.

"Oh, an idiot boy," said Mr. Murdrone carelessly; and then assumed a business air as he added:

"Now, Hislop, you know me and my principles. Every Man to His Place. You want to turn landlord, do you? And this woman can't pay rent, but wants to crowd into the place of some one that can. If you take her in, I'll mark your rent up to twenty dollars."

"Double my rent! I couldn't pay it!" exclaimed the old man in dismay.

"Then don't try to turn landlord. Keep in your place. Suppose I should go into some such scullduggery, now!"

Old Stephen did not appear to speculate upon this supposition—perhaps because it seemed so improbable. Nevertheless, Mr. Murdrone leaned back in his chair with much dignity, as who should say, "Be a man like me, my good fellow. I don't complain though I have all this property to attend to; surely you ought to get along who have next to nothing to take care of."

"I didn't have much hopes myself," Old Stephen said, as if talking to himself—he had turned toward the door; "but I could n't back out o' comin' an' tryin'. She hoped different—said she knowed you years ago."

"What's her name?" asked Mr. Murdrone carelessly.

"Sarah Athurst, sir."

"Ath—Ath——" gasped Mr. Murdrone, and as Old Stephen turned again in surprise, he was startled by the distorted face he saw.

"I've got a horrible cold, you see," said Mr. Murdrone hoarsely, as he slowly recovered himself—"takes me by spasms. Mind, Hislop, I'll mark up your rent!"

"I'll have to turn 'em into the street," was Old Stephen's dismal response as he took his leave.

II.

THE CROWDER.

When Mr. Murdrone rose from his breakfast table on the morning of Old Stephen's call, he left behind him his family—Miss Tillie and the housekeeper; Mrs. Murdrone had been dead a dozen years—in the state of depression always brought upon them when the Professor of Every Man to His Place held forth upon his hobby. Miss Tillie seemed especially gloomy. At last she took up the newspaper as her father had left it, and glanced listlessly over the page. There was the account of the young carpenter's misfortune. The name of the unfortunate had not been mentioned. Some curiosity about this may have caused Miss Tillie to look at the account. The name was there, plain enough—William Clymfast.

"William Clymfast," read Miss Tillie aloud, but as if her wits were wool-gathering. If they were, they came home suddenly, and Miss Tillie became as remarkably excited as she was apathetic a moment before.

"Oh, my mercy!" she cried. "Oh! oh! oh! Will Clymfast! Oh, how dreadful! Oh, can't something be done?"

The appeal was addressed to nobody, and Miss Tillie waited for no answer, but darted out of the room. Ten minutes afterward, she was on the street speeding toward the Clymfast domicile.

William Clymfast, having had but a short sleep after the fire that reduced his shop to ashes, had then gone out again on business, and had just finished a late breakfast when Miss Tillie arrived.

"Oh, Will, isn't it awful? Oh, Mrs. Clymfast, isn't it awful!" exclaimed Miss Tillie, turning from one to the other in great excitement.

"Why, Miss Tillie, what's the matter?" asked young Clymfast cheerfully.

"Why, a'n't you all burned up?" was Miss Tillie's response.

"Oh, no," replied Clymfast, his cool self-possession in fine contrast with the excitement of the girl. "The shop is burned, and a lot of tools, and quite a bit of finished work. But I'm not burned—not even scorched."

"Oh, I know you will make light of it, and that only makes it seem the more dreadful. Just as it did when you made light of saving me when I fell off the boat on our school picnic. It seemed so dreadful then to hear you make light of it, and pa make light of it; and pa never to ask you to our house, though we were schoolfellows, and never wanting me to come here, though not forbidding me," Miss Tillie said, still much excited and talking rapidly.

"I never doubted your gratitude, Miss Tillie," Clymfast protested, speaking now with seriousness. "You were far more thankful than the service I happened to render deserved."

"Oh, no, I was not!" insisted the girl; "and to think that I've hardly seen you often enough to keep the old acquaintance, until now this terrible thing has happened you!"

"It's not so terrible as you think. I'm going to start again in a new shop, to-morrow."

"No—don't! don't!" exclaimed Miss Tillie earnestly. "Don't try to be a boss again. Pa says that was why you were burned out. He said, ever so long ago, and again this morning, that you were a—a Crowder!"

Miss Tillie uttered the word as if a Crowder were the sort of person that must be at once made into a boudre by the righteous of the earth—like John Rogers or a Salem witch.

"A Crowder!" repeated Clymfast inquiringly.

"Yes—a Crowder," explained Miss Tillie—"a person who is always trying to get into a place where Providence hasn't put him. Don't be a Crowder any more, Will!"

"Oh, that's what a Crowder is, is it?" laughed Clymfast. "Well, I am a Crowder—there's no mistake about that. I'm a Crowder!"

"Don't say that, please!" begged Miss Tillie, unable to calmly contemplate a Crowder even in the man who had furnished her the only bit of sentiment of her life. Clymfast's rescue of her from the river stood out before her always as a perfectly unique thing. Every other act or circumstance she remembered could be dragged in somehow under Every Man to His Place, but this one act could not be, because it never could have been her place to fall into the river and Clymfast's place to rescue her. Yet it had actually happened so, though it wouldn't, couldn't and shouldn't come under the rule of Every Man to His Place. She could not bear to hear this man declare himself the dreadful thing a Crowder was, according to her father's teaching. Clymfast did not imagine how completely he was antagonizing himself with all the notions this girl had received at home.

"Why not say I'm a Crowder?" asked he pleasantly.

"I don't know—only don't!" was Miss Tillie's frank reply.

"Why," said Clymfast, seeing that the girl was earnest in her protest, "as you define it, a Crowder is one who tries to rise above the station in which he finds himself at the outset of life. Now that is precisely my ambition. If that is crowding, I'm going to be more and more a Crowder if I'm burned out once a month."

Miss Tillie, having now had time to contemplate the frightful ogre called Crowder, and being likewise somewhat assisted by the new light which Clymfast threw on the subject, arrived rather suddenly at the point where she could endure even a Crowder without a mental quaking. We all know how the steps succeed each other—endurance, sympathy, embrace. With some women the progress is very likely to be one of lightning speed.

"Well," said Miss Tillie, calmer now, "I'm sure I never saw anything very horrible here. So you will be a Crowder, will you, Will?"

She was tempted to this question by that spirit of defiance which women admire in men, and which was just shadowed forth in Clymfast's declaration. She would have him repeat his defiance.

"I'll be a king of Crowders if I can!" exclaimed Clymfast.

If what was natural in Miss Tillie's inner self could at that moment have put itself into words after the manner of men, those words would have been these: "Hurrah! here's a man!" But, as what was natural in Miss Tillie's inner self was still very much encumbered by what was artificial—to wit, the Murdrone philosophy—she said nothing. In her eyes, however, there was a light of admiration which a vainer man than William Clymfast would not have failed to detect. Miss Tillie, by that morning visit, had established herself in fuller sympathy with the Clymfast household than she had ever been.

Will any one fail to understand in gentleness and charity this young girl's interest in Will Clymfast? All women admire all heroes; but how much greater must be the attraction to a woman who has herself been the subject of the heroic act! Clymfast was the only hero this girl had ever known; he saved her life, and she thought it had proved a thankless achievement. And now, the very fact that he set himself boldly up in opposition to her daily parental teaching, gave him the air of a new heroism. Which way were her sympathies likely to turn involuntarily—toward the home where even parental and filial love and duty were inculcated solely by the rule of Every Man to His Place; or toward the house where her gratitude was due and where her admiration was challenged?

If Miss Tillie became a more frequent visitor at Mrs. Clymfast's house in her asking after the young man's progress in his crowding to recover his losses by fire, we must believe that she was sincere in thinking that thus she showed, in however poor a way, her reawakened gratitude for the act that saved her life. There was nothing unmaidenly in this, for the girl knew not whither her steps were tending.

III.

OLD STEPHEN'S VISION.

The world went on as peacefully as usual with Mr. Murdrone; that is, as peacefully as a world much beset by Crowders can go on with a professor of Every Man to His Place. Mr. Murdrone's left eye was still widely open and staring, as it had always been whenever he was visible outside of the sanctity of his sleeping apartment; only Mrs. Murdrone in her time could have said whether that eye was ever closed even there. And the right eye was still suggesting the tormenting interrogatories which began with, How came it so?

But Mr. Murdrone mustered one tenant less on his rent-rolls. Old Stephen Hislop had found himself unequal to the task of turning the widow with a nijjut boy into the street, without first providing himself with an uncommonly strong backing of gin; and to get this backing to the proper point required so many days and even weeks, that before it was accomplished the little shop, despite the widow's minding, was a very wreck in respect of stock—much as Old Stephen was in respect of will to become sober.

The end of it was that, instead of having to get rid of the widow to avoid a doubled rental, Old Stephen would have been unable to pay even his former rent; and so, as the day of settlement with Mr. Murdrone approached, he was fain to abandon the premises, as of course the widow Mrs. Athurst was then obliged to do.

In this condition of affairs, Old Stephen resolved himself into a peripatetic nuisance, which divided its time pretty evenly between the neighboring drinking shops and the new lodgings that the widow had found. For Old Stephen, having once assumed, or attempted to assume, the character of a protector of the widow and her son, stoutly clung to that character, though their positions were now reversed, and he would have lodged in the street but for the kindness of the widow, who had taken the will for the deed in respect of her having his second floor, and would not now, out of gratitude, suffer him to come to the last extremity of want. There are many counterparts of Old Stephen in his new protectorship—not a few of them more polite than he, but not the less unmistakable counterparts.

It was this poor, besotted, broken old man who, in one of his severer fits of drunkenness, staggered into the private grounds in rear of Mr. Murdrone's mansion, toward the close of a summer day. The wretch had no business there; but surely his presence could have excited no alarm had it been observed, which it was not. He did not look at all like a Crowder, certainly not like a Crowder who could by any possibility crowd out the professor of Every Man to His Place. Old Stephen himself imagined no object to bring him into Mr. Murdrone's garden, or if he did, it was quickly forgotten under the stupefying effects of his heavy indulgences. He lay down beside a path and slept for some hours. At the end of a certain time, he would awake, of course; but on this occasion his awaking had something unusual about it.

"He awoke very suddenly," and his first sensation was a numbness over one of his eyes, as if he had received a muffled blow there.

He was never more thoroughly awake than he was the instant he opened his eyes; and he was never in his life more thoroughly awed and frightened than he was the next instant.

There at his side, so near that he could have touched it had he dared, was a form—a spectre, a vision, a something white—which, with clasped hands upon its breast, looked at him. Old Stephen thought, with such mingled pity and terror as an angel from Heaven may feel when gazing upon a lost soul.

It was only for a few seconds thus, and then the white spectre glided past him with a shuddering motion and disappeared in darkness, for night had fallen while he slept.

When it was gone, Old Stephen closed his eyes and lay very quiet for a long time. Then he slowly opened his eyes and looked about him. There was nothing there but the silent grounds in the silent night.

Old Stephen rose to his feet.

"I'm called!" he said aloud, and then made his way out of the grounds, a sober man.

Called, was he, Mr. Murdrone? Called by what, and for what?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LIFE'S REGRET.

I am the youngest of three sisters—Margaret, Louisa, and Helen, the last named being of course myself. We reside in a small villa on the outskirts of the town of Norton-Folgate, and, from all appearances, are likely to remain for the rest of our lives pursuing what strangers would suppose was the calm and even tenor of a colorless existence.

Our income, though small, admits of our keeping two domestics; and when we pay visits, which at rare intervals we do to some of the country families, we jointly subscribe and charter a close carriage, which enables us to make our calls with something like dignity. Not that my two elder sisters are lacking in that respect, for they never, either sleeping or walking, I believe, forget that our late father was descended from an ancient and honorable family, and that the name of Howard, which we bear, is derived from a source which, even though it does not acknowledge us, is ours justly; and on the tree which testifies to our pedigree our relationship is clearly set forth. Our late mother could also boast of gentle blood, so that on both sides of the house our connections were undeniable.

In addition to those advantages, nature had not been unkind to us—indeed, in our younger days we had our own share of admiration, and the three Misses Howard had on many occasions been pronounced the best looking girls at the numerous balls which, chaperoned by our mother, we used regularly to attend. Our admirers were not few, and we were engaged for every dance whenever we went; but there to all appearance it ended, for after more seasons than I care to record, none of us was married. Plainer girls by far, even penniless ones, in due time made their appearance, had an interval of gaiety, and then announced their engagements, which duly ended in marriage; and they would return in all the dignity of matronhood to patronize and remind us in more ways than one of the wide gulf that separated our unappropriated selves from them and their position as married women. At first it was not so galling, but by-and-by I began to feel it keenly, and to long—as every woman does sooner or later—for ties of my own; but my longings were not to be gratified, for the one hateful reason that no ordinary man was supposed to be good enough to mate with "a Howard," though one degenerate descendent dared to wish it could be otherwise.

By degrees it became known that we were hard to please, and though it was true enough of Margaret and Louisa, still I felt so differently with them on the subject, that it was rather hard to be included; but I was "a Howard," and so had to pay for my privilege.

Margaret was seven years my senior, and Louisa five, consequently I was accustomed to being considered quite a child until I had attained the ripe age of twenty-five, when an event happened, which, but for my precious pedigree, might have changed the color of my whole existence.

We had received invitations to a ball given by a certain Lady Aylmer, who always made a point of asking us to her entertainments; and though I was beginning to be very weary of galeties, to decline was out of the question; so, after some deliberation as to our attire, &c., an acceptation was sent; and when the evening arrived, we, accompanied by our mother, crushed ourselves into a hired carriage, and set out for Aylmer Court.

We were received as usual, most cordially; and after a few dances were over, I became conscious of the presence of a gentleman who seemed to regard me with some interest. He was a very nice looking man of about thirty, rather fair, and with a small moustache slightly inclining to red. He was not tall, neither was he very short; his figure was good, and he had a soldier-like look about him which I rather admired.

As usual, I was well supplied with partners; but when Lady Aylmer approached with the individual I have just described, and introduced him to me, I was very glad I had a spare dance still left, for which he at once engaged me.

I did not catch his name when Lady Aylmer brought him up, and when my eldest sister inquired who my new acquaintance was, I could only say he was a Captain Somebody; I fancied Bruce was the name.

"A good name," remarked Margaret; "I daresay he is a relative of Lord Bruce."

But I was doomed to undeceive her shortly, for on addressing him as Captain Bruce, he smiled, and told me that was not his name—his name being Bebb.

Bebb, I thought—what a funny name! However, it did not prevent my thinking him very pleasant, and being secretly glad when he told me he was to be quartered at Norton Golgate for some months to come.

To be brief—after several meetings, Captain Bebb, whose name had now transpired in my family, began to pay me marked attention; but although in my inmost heart I liked him, still I was well aware that for "a Howard" to ally herself with a Bebb would be regarded as an impossibility by my family.

He came to call—endeavored to ingratiate himself with my mother and sisters—sent me bouquets, books, music, and, in fact, did all he could to show his preferences, which in my heart of hearts I would fain have shown was mutual. But how could I? My sisters, alarmed by my evident leaning towards him, instituted a system of ridiculing him, which, had he only faintly guessed, would, I felt sure, have prevented him from ever again entering our house.

His personal appearance was stigmatized as the most vulgar that had ever been seen; his hair, which was really brown, was always alluded to as carroty; and a shuddering fit frequently overtook Louisa as she described the horror she had experienced when, on a fatal occasion, he had shaken hands with her, and his hot clammy clasp had almost given her a fit.

Perhaps owing to this, his name degenerated from Bebb into Blubber, and several times my mother herself narrowly escaped addressing him as such, so persistently was he called it behind his back.

A dead pig having been found one morning in the sty, I was strongly advised to go down to see the likeness, which, from my partiality for Blubber, my sister felt sure would be interesting to me.

I am ashamed to confess that I had not the moral courage to refute these uncalled for calumnies; these incessant cruel taunts were enough for me; and when I did receive a proposal of marriage from Captain Bebb, my answer may be imagined. I refused him, and cried myself to sleep for many nights afterwards.

But the deed was done, and Captain Bebb was not one to ask again, and I heard soon afterwards that he had left Norton-Folgate.

Very little was thought of the affair in my own family, and of the general opinion I am of course unable to speak. The idea that I, "a Howard," had been asked to become Nelly Bebb, or Nelly Blubber, sometimes elicited would-be witty remarks from my sisters; but by degrees the existence of Captain Bebb came to be totally forgotten by everyone except myself.

Meanwhile, we did not grow any younger as the years rolled quickly on, and as they went I became more and more conscious of the error I had made in rejecting a man whom I felt I could have loved and respected, simply because he was ridiculed by my sisters, and bore the unaristocratic name of Bebb.

Seven years had passed away—still we were "going out to parties;" I, unwillingly, but my sisters more persistently than ever. But, alas! times had changed for us; partners were no longer plentiful, and we were obliged to be thankful to the few who asked us to dance, or offered to escort us to supper, and who were, generally speaking, mere boys, whose nursery days seemed like yesterday. However, rather than return home without having danced at all, I was indeed glad to take a turn with them. But on one particular occasion at a ball in the Assembly Rooms, even the boys failed us, and the three Misses Howard were standing together in a most palpable family group, when the entrance of a large party gave us momentary diversion.

It was the Aylmers Court party—Lord and Lady Aylmer, two or three dowagers, a bevy of bright-eyed pretty girls, and several gentlemen. Amongst the latter who should I recognize but my old friend and rejected admirer, Captain Bebb!

He was looking remarkably well—happy and handsome; no resemblance to a pig was possible now surely, and for an instant a wild hope shot through my poor heart that he might see and speak to me again. He did see, but instinctively I felt he hardly recognized me.

Seven years had not improved me—with a bitter pang I felt that. He bowed and passed on with a young and pretty girl leaning on his arm.

Oh! the mortification of that evening—the weary desperate longing I had to hide myself somewhere; but there I stood, a faded wall flower, youthfully attired in white tarlatan and blue satin ribbons, unnoticed, neglected, and, what I felt far more, uncared for.

Whether he meant it or not, I could not tell, but he seemed to be perpetually passing where I stood. At last my sisters consented to go home, and Margaret having secured the arm of a weak-minded little curate, who offered his other arm to my mother, the three walked slowly across the ballroom, followed by Louisa—proud, erect, and indignant at the want of appreciation she had met with—and myself, with downcast eyes and a burning face. The cloak-room seemed a haven to me, and the drive home was comparative bliss, although it was embittered by remarks from my sisters on the reappearance of Captain, or as he was now, Colonel Bebb, and the announcement that "after all, Nelly might have done worse."

Yes; Nelly knew that now, as many another foolish girl, or elderly young lady, knows when it is too late; and in my quiet corner, a few heavy tears dropped silently upon my crimson shawl when I remembered how long I had allowed myself to be influenced by ridicule to reject what I felt sure would have obtained the happiness of my life.

But our ball-days ended at last, for our mother died, and after that Margaret and Louisa gave up the gay world, and devoted themselves to mothers' meetings, Bible readings, and various other laudable occupations, to the great satisfaction of the curate I have before mentioned. We settled down in our little villa, and are now three confirmed maiden ladies, without much to make us care for life, beyond the daily colorless routine which makes "each day twin image of the last."

Once a year we go for a month to the seaside, and during our last visit there I became much interested in some children, who, accompanied by their nurse, used to make their appearance at an early hour every morning on the sands. I was so fond of children that I soon made their acquaintance. Little Amy was four, and the elder girl about a year older, whilst there was a boy of about two—Master Charley, as his nurse called him.

It never occurred to me to ask what their surname was, though they became quite confidential as to their small affairs generally. Papa and mamma were in London, but they were coming down soon; and at home they had all sorts of possessions, from ponies and a tiny little basket-carriage, downwards. Would I like to see them? But what was my name if I did come?

"Helen," I answered; "but they call me Nelly at home."

"That's my name," exclaimed the elder child. "But what is your other name?"

"Nelly Howard," I replied, much amused at her pertinacity.

"Mine's Nelly Bebb. My papa is Colonel Bebb, and he's got a Victoria Cross and lots of medals.

"Your papa!" I answered, staggered at her announcement, which I found was indeed what I instantly supposed. They were the children of my rejected admirer, Captain Bebb.

The little group on the sands had a strange fascination for me, after I knew it, and furtively I conveyed many little gifts to the children. But our prescribed month was now over, and though the weather was enchanting, our rules were those of the Medes and Persians—go home we must. So we went; and my last glimpse as we drove to the station, was of my three little friends—a joyous trio, with Colonel Bebb, a shade stouter than of old, but looking bronzed and jovial; whilst beside him stood a bright-faced, pretty little woman, who had accepted the happy fate which I, in my senseless girlhood had declined. But it is over—regrets are vain, and though my heart feels young still, I am fast fading into old age now.

My experience recorded here may make another wise, for out of the depths of my bitter disappointment I have written the short story of my mistaken existence. For, though doubtless there are many happy old maids, woman was not made to live a single life. Home ties, family cares, troubles and anxieties, may be her lot; but if she is loved, and if she feels herself the centre of a little kingdom—poor, perhaps, but precious—she has joys to balance the cares, love to smooth over the troubles, and a strong arm to shield her from danger.

With that around her she is a tower of strength; she possesses that which makes life's bitters sweets; nor can she ever have to record what I, the poor neglected old maid, do here, the history of a Life's Regret.

FACETIÆ.

—"A cir-cus"—A gentleman swearing.

—"A bridal couple"—A two-horse team.

—"A fog 'horn'"—A glass of whisky of a misty morning.

—A practical Jersey farmer calls his poultry egg plants.

—"A suit of sables"—Two colored men at law with each other.

—A man can easily get "half seas over" by means of "schooners" of lager beer.

—The man who first invented hair-stain, announced himself as willing to dye for his country.

—In war an engagement usually precedes a general battle. The same thing is the case with marriage.

—In the matter of laying up something for a rainy day, the umbrella is entitled to a distinguished place.

—A systematic editor out West enumerates each baby that enters the family circle under the head of "New Ads."

—Divide three full-sized cucumbers just now into one healthy man, and ten to five the quotient will be a funeral.

—Cincinnati considers herself the pearl of Western cities. The scriptural reference to the connection of this precious stone with swine is well known.

—When two young men now go out between the acts of the opera, they do not usually inform their friends they are going for a pair of opera "glasses."

—Proverbs are not always applicable. It may be better if the fish that gets up early does not catch the first worm—especially if it has a hook behind it.

—The retirement of ulsters and the ripping off of mortgages on Summer dusters is making the "uncles" of the pawnbroking persuasion as busy as ants.

—A lady who is not burdened with offers says that the statement "man proposes, etc.," in her opinion rather refers to a general proposition than particular facts.

—There is no time when a man is so willing to acknowledge that there is virtue in self-denial as when in the full enjoyment of the headache incidental to a lengthy spree.

—The hair of the head is numbered. This refers to the grade of the material and the placard of the prices we find upon the switches, bangs, etc., in ladies' wig-furnishing shops.

—Boarders ought to remember there is nothing so honorable as economy in the matter of toe-nails when the household requirements make it necessary for them to sleep two in a bed.

—It will not be at all strange if we see considerable coolness between young lovers this season. It is the ice cream season, and two spoons in one plate will always be in fashion.

—"I hate these caste distinctions," as the lightning rod agent said when the man refrained from pitching him off the front steps in order to throw him out of the second story window.

—It would seem as if the men who can play a lively game of base ball during one of the hottest afternoons in Summer, shouldn't care whether Bob Ingersoll is right in his belief or not.

—There are sixty thousand more women than men in Massachusetts, and this fact may account for the hunted-down, worried and scared look of most of the unmarried men emigrating from that State.

—Our admiration for Noah is only lessened by the consideration that he had a chance and neglected it, to dispose of the lively Summer fly nuisance, such as no other individual ever had or is ever likely to have.

—There are various signs which go to show that Summer is approaching. Among them may be placed the pioneer of straw hats, the absence of ulsters, and the air of increased activity around the doors of sample rooms.

—The arithmetic may tell us how many feet and inches are in a yard, but it would require a thousand tongues to mention all in the way of old boots, tin pans, etc., that's found in the back yard of a house that has just been vacated.

—Some philologists of the Monboddo school intimate that the leading characteristics of the female giggle "Te-he," are merely natural signs of their preference for the beverage and individual respectively indicated by these sounds.

—Considering that Spring is so glorious and beautiful with its gorgeous flowers, budding trees, and brightness generally, man would be too happy and die if the season was not slightly shadowed by the appearance of the inevitable Spring poet.

—It frequently happens that many a young father boasts of his bouncing strapping boys. The same boys in after years no doubt often return the compliment by complaining of their strapping father, while getting a dose of it for "bagging it" from school.

—The mother of Columbus was no doubt a pretty smart woman, but if before she was married, like many of her modern sisters, she had attempted to light the kitchen fire with coal oil, it is hardly likely that her son would have ever discovered America.

A STUBBORN AND HARASSING COUGH that will not yield to ordinary remedies, may be thoroughly cured by Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a most effective remedy for all Bronchial or Pulmonary Disorders.

ENCORE.

BY MABELLA F. MAYO.

The singer stood in a blaze of light;
And fronted the flowery throng;
Her lips apart with her greeting smile,
Her soul soared out in her song,
Now hovering, like an imprisoned bird
With its plainings thrilling nigh,
Then faintly sweet, as the reapers hear
A lark afar in the sky;

And forth like thunder the praises broke,
And the singer bowed and smiled,
And flowers fell fast in a scented storm—
But she was not to be wiled.
"Shall I throw my gifts to this fickle throng?"
She thought, with a bitter sigh.
"What do they care for my simple song?"—
And she curtseyed a glad good-bye.

The singer sat in her lonely room
As the stars peeped out of the haze,
And her voice poured forth in its sweetest gush
Though none was beside to praise—
Till she saw a form to her window creep
And crouch by its misty pane,
And an old dame wept at the wondrous song
That gave back her youth again!

The singer stirred not, nor made a sign
That she saw where the listener stood,
But once and again she raised her voice
And poured out its golden flood,
And only ceased when the minster bells
Shook out their evening clang—
Then one thanked God for the song she heard,
And one for the song she sang!

THE NEMESIS OF LOVE.

By Clementine Montagu.

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," "JASPER OXSLOW'S WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER XL.—[CONTINUED.]

Then they all knew of the untoward incident in the church, and that the duke was gone to see the gentleman whom it was stated had come to Cawnpore expressly to see him. He had been carried to the nearest hotel, and the regimental doctor sent for. Seeing the duke's carriage stop at the door, that gentleman hastened out, but he gave a very grave account of the patient.

"No sign of consciousness," he said. "It is the turning of a straw whether he lives or dies. Does your grace know him?"

"Hardly; I have seen him once before. He is a near neighbor of mine in England. I fancy his business with me was about that same piece of his. Will he be able to speak to me soon, do you think?"

"It is impossible to tell, he is quite unconscious now. From his appearance and his excessive emaciation, I should say he is thoroughly broken down. Most likely he will never rally—it was madness of him to come such a long journey in this state."

"Where has he come from?"

"From Umballa, I hear. I have seen the collector who took his ticket; but his luggage, which has been brought down, is marked 'Simla.'"

"Poor fellow, I am very sorry, but I can hardly put off my wedding journey to wait for him. I'll leave him in your hands, doctor. I haven't the least idea what his means may be; but if there is money wanting, Captain Ransome will be my banker in the matter. I have left several things in his hands. Don't let him want for anything; and if it should turn out as you fear, see things decently arranged."

The doctor promised, bid his colonel a cordial good-bye and returned to his patient, to whom he felt an interest which puzzled himself.

The duke went back to Captain Ransome's, where Hilda was waiting for him, looking as lovely in her travelling costume as in her more elaborate bridal dress. She felt an indefinable sense of relief when her husband told her that Mark Douglas had not recovered sufficiently to be able to speak to him. She did not know him—she had never seen him; but his very name was jarring to her ears. He was associated with Ferndale Hollow and with Bracy Burgoyne, and she would have forgotten both if she could. But he could not speak to tell his business. It would be a long time before they could see him again, and her heart was lighter for the knowledge as she stepped into her carriage—hers in very deed now—and amidst a shower of wheat and old slippers started for the station.

It was a bright beginning to her new life. Feted and caressed, and crowned with honor, and her husband's love, even Hilda's callous, ambitious heart warmed into something of gratitude and tenderness to the man who had given her so much. She resolved, heaven helping her—no, hardly that; no thought of heaven entered into her calculations, but the fates being propitious—that she would begin a new life from that hour—that she would in very deed, love, honor and obey her husband, and be to him all that a wife should.

And he felt nothing, saw nothing, but his wife's witching beauty as the train whirled them through the hot plains to the old "City of God," and clasped her to his breast, and sent up a wild pean of thanks and joy from his heart to the Providence that had permitted him to be so blest at last. He had managed to conceal the fact of his wife's name from every one till the register was signed; and then only the Ransomes and the clergyman knew that she had written Hilda Burgoyne instead of Honore Chantrelle.

"How they will talk!" Hilda said, as the domes and minarets of Allahabad came in sight; "and what a monster of wickedness they will think me, to be sure."

"It does not matter what they say now," the duke replied. "It was as well to keep the matter quiet until you were gone. There was no occasion for any little-tattle in the cantonments, and we can answer for ourselves to any one whose business it is to make remarks when we reach home."

At Bombay they stayed one night, and Hilda's feverish impatience would not let her rest anywhere. The duke went to the telegraph office to hear if there were any messages for him, and she insisted on accompanying him.

"I hope there will be none," she said. "I want to start without one disagreeable word to mar the outset of our life."

"No, darling, there can be nothing disagreeable," the duke replied. "It is possible there may be a message from Phemie; but be sure it will be a loving one. I think there will be one from my lawyer, perhaps."

"To warn you—to make you unhappy—to tell you you have married a——"

"A very foolish little woman," the duke said, kissing her. "Don't imagine that lawyers, or any one else, will dare to say rude things of the Duchess of Castletowers. And, pray, what terrible name were you going to call your sinful self?"

"I was going to say adventuress—that was all," she said, with a slight shiver, (the word which had risen to her lips was a very different one, and not for her husband's ears). "That is what they call me yonder. I suppose every forlorn woman without friends is an adventuress more or less."

"'Nothing venture nothing win,'" said the duke gayly. "Look here, your grace. Let that objectionable word be buried forever. We'll find you a pedigree when we get home. 'Debrett' shall have you—titles, ancestors and all; and then woe betide any one who opens their lips to give them the lie."

But the telegraph brought no unpleasant greetings—a dozen words or so from the lawyers anent what they had been ordered to do, and a loving line from Lady Euphemia, calling the new duchess her sister, and Hilda once more breathed freely.

"I don't think I quite realized that I was a duchess till now," she said, looking at the few words fresh from her sister-in-law's gentle lips. "I shall go to England with a light heart, now, Lionel dear, feeling there is such a gentle welcome waiting for me."

"You shall have a right royal welcome, my own Hilda. You shall see what the tenantry at Castletowers can do when their lord brings home his bride."

Whatever the duchess dreaded had not come, and she stepped on board the good ship Mesopotamia at Bombay with a light heart. She charmed every one on board with her beauty and grace, and her warm admiration and love for her handsome husband. The captain declared he had never had such a handsome couple on board his ship, and the sailors vowed that her beauty, and more than all, that her marvellous hair, charmed away the bad weather, and brought them fair winds and an unruffled sea, and she was so kind to them.

Sitting one night on the poop deck, singing to her husband, and one or two passengers, she noticed that the sailors crowded as far as they might towards the after part of the ship to listen.

"Suppose we give them a concert," she said; and the thing was organized on the spot.

An evening entertainment was got up, and she sang song after song till tears stood in the eyes of rough men, who scarce knew what such moisture meant, and they began to think she must have come straight from the heaven of harps and songs the chaplain talked about; and then she went about among them and learned their histories, and talked to them of absent wives and little children at home, and heard some truths and a great many lies, and made herself so much liked that the name of "the beautiful duchess" became a synonym for all that was lovely and good among them.

And so, feted and caressed by all, Hilda Sforza no longer, but wife of one of the richest peers in England, she passed on her way and journeyed westward. In London they put up for a few days at Mivart's. The duke's lawyer and his steward met them at the station, and with the advent of these two, and the equipage brought for her, Hilda felt her dignity fairly begin. But there was a thorn in her flowers already—a canker among the rosebuds. On the very night after her arrival she met with an adventure, which plainly proved to her that her path would not be all pleasantness, nor her way in life free from care, duchess and lovely, and beloved though she might be.

The duke and his bride were well on their way to Allahabad before any sign of consciousness was apparent in Mark Douglas. The doctor watched him anxiously. He was a humane, kindhearted man, and loved his profession. The case was an interesting one. It was a struggle with death in a somewhat unusual form, and he was anxious to see how it would go. He felt quite certain that there was something more than a fit the matter with his patient—that he had received some shock, though of what nature he could not tell. He made himself master of all the details of the sick man's arrival, and heard what questions he had asked, and how he had hurried to the church.

"It was something to do with the colonel's wedding," he said to himself; "and yet it could be nothing unpleasant, for he was perfectly unconcerned when he came here. I was to take care of him, and so forth. He had only seen him once, and he was a neighbor of his. There's something more behind than I can see just now."

"Honore! No, Hilda—Hilda Sforza!"

The words came from the bed, where the sick man had opened his eyes, and was muttering to himself quite unconsciously. There was no intelligence in the restless, shifting eyeballs, but there was a look of intense, despairing misery on the face. The doctor took the searching, groping hand that was wandering over the bedclothes, and tried to soothe his patient into stillness. Then the eyes turned to him imploringly.

"You are kind," the sick man said. "You will not stop me, will you?"

"No," the doctor replied; "be sure I will not."

"I want to get to the church in time. Why do they hold me?"

"Why do you want to go there?" and the doctor laid his cool hand on the patient's hot forehead. "Don't be afraid. You shall go."

"You will help me, won't you? I must go, because——"

He broke off, and the doctor's curiosity rose to an unbearable pitch.

"Because what?" he said, gently.

"Because——"

The answer came clearly and distinctly, every word quietly uttered. Delirium tells the truth sometimes, and the listener felt that this was the truth. He dropped his patient's listless hand, and sat staring blankly at him, wondering whether he would ever wake to consciousness and confirm his terrible words.

CHAPTER XLI.

IN THE WORLD OF LONDON.

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano—
A stage where every one must play a part,
And mine a sad one.—*Shakespeare.*

"I don't know whether it's the correct thing to do, little woman. You haven't been presented yet."

So spoke the duke with a light laugh, leaning over the back of Hilda's chair, and playing with her fair hair.

It was the day after their arrival in London, and Hilda had expressed a wish to go to the Opera. The season had just begun, and the duke's friends were arriving in town thick and fast.

"Presented!" she said looking up at him.

"Yes, presented, you little ignoramus. Don't you know that kissing the Queen's hand, or her proxy's is the passport to fashionable life—the open sesame to all the exclusive and select doors in London. Even a duchess would stand a chance of being tabooed without it."

"But who will present me? I know no one."

"I do. It won't be difficult. We will come up from Castletowers in time for the third drawing room, and you shall be fairly launched. I can't spare my darling for the whirl of a London season before then."

"I don't want to be launched at all, Lionel," Hilda replied, her heart throbbing wildly with delight at the prospect as she spoke the fib. "I would rather stay in the country with only you, and be happy my own way."

"My dear child, folks can't shut themselves up on desert islands. The purple has its duties, and the Duchess of Castletowers will be a bright, particular star when she does shine out. I tell you what it is, *we belle*, you'll create a sensation."

"Shall I?"

"That you will. I have various pictures of you in my mind's eye at this moment. I can see you gracing a ballroom with the Castletowers diamonds—they are at the jeweller's at this moment, being reset for you—blazing about you, I can fancy you in the Row on the prettiest lady's horse to be found—I'm going to look for him to-morrow—and I can imagine you in the Lady's Mile, handling the ribbons of the most perfect pony turn-out that money can buy. I mean all the world to envy me my wife and her surroundings."

"Don't turn my head quite, Lal. You fairly take my breath away. Am I, your poor nobody of a wife, to have all these things?"

"All these and as many more as money can buy, my darling. But, touching the Opera—you really wish to go?"

"Wish! Oh, Lionel, I'm hungry for music—I haven't heard any worth calling music for years."

"Well, I don't know. I fancy Phemie's respected chaperone would cry out against a proceeding; but we'll go, dear, if I can get a box. We'll be *incog.*, and not betray the secret of our presence in town except to a favored few."

Hilda was delighted at the idea, and waited the return of the messenger with eager impatience. The duke's own box was let, but there would be one at his disposal on the grand tier when he should come up to town. In the meantime, notice came back to the effect that he could have the royal box for the evening if he wished.

"Are you satisfied you are a duchess now?" he asked, putting the note into Hilda's hand. "You'll fancy yourself the princess at least."

"I begin to think that every thing is a dream, and that I shall wake Hilda Sforza, in Rome," she replied. "How must I dress, Lionel?"

"Oh, don't come out too strong. Your dinner dress will do. Wear that blue velvet Mrs. Ransome objected to so much. She didn't know what became you when she lifted up her voice against it."

"Mrs. Ransome didn't quite know how to dress, dear," Hilda replied, laughing.

"In the abstract she was right; dark blue velvet is elderly looking, and not quite the thing for girls. Fancy her daughter got up in it, for instance."

"I couldn't fancy it, child, and yet it suits you—it makes you look as though you had walked straight out of an old picture. Put it on, and the white lace and pearls you wore with it last time."

"Like an old picture" indeed, the fair duchess looked when she came down to dinner attired in the dress in question, which was made in a somewhat quaint and mediæval style, with a square cut body and long, hanging sleeves lined with white satin. Whatever Mrs. Ransome's opinion might be, it suited her fair skin and golden hair to perfection. Lace of rare beauty finished off the neck and arms of the dress, and a pearl brooch and earrings of great value, heirlooms of the Breakspeares, completed the costume.

"Bravo!" said the duke, admiringly. "There won't be a better dressed woman in the theatre to-night. You only want this to make the set up perfect."

He took an elaborate opera cloak from a box, which had evidently just arrived, and threw it over her shoulders.

"I didn't like that Indian thing," he remarked, "it hung badly."

Dinner over, they started for the Opera, and in Leicester square—not the smart pleasaunce of to-day, but a howling wilderness of dead cats and brickbats—they came to a standstill. Some broken down dray right across the street had blocked the way, and as more carriages came on behind it was impossible to move. Right over the line of a clean crossing the duke's carriage stopped, and as it was a muddy night, and the crossing was swept very clean, and the street was crowded, the sweeper felt that his business was injured, and he himself illused. He hurled anathemas at the head of the coachman in no measured fashion, and called the driver of the dray hard names, till the duke laughed to hear him.

"What's the matter?" Hilda asked.

"I fancy we've spoiled his business, stopping just here. I'll fling him a shilling."

"Where is he?"

"There."

The duchess looked out of the window, and saw a stunted, pale-face man, with red hair and a villainous squint, standing at the edge of the pavement under the gaslight. He looked straight at her, she at him and then she drew back into the shadow with a shiver.

"Ah, how cold it is," she said.

"It's only because we are standing still, my dear. Here, my man, that will pay for your spoiled crossing."

He let down the window and flung the man a piece of money; but though it struck him and fell at his feet, he did not attempt to pick it up, but stood staring blankly after the carriage. He was a wretched looking object—wan and thin he seemed, as though famine had laid hold of him, and worried every ounce of flesh off his starved bones. They seemed literally starting through the pinched and shivering skin, and his eyes were deep sunk in their sockets, and surrounded with great circles of black. Starvation and misery seemed to have done their worst by him, and yet he let the pence of a good many meals lie at his feet untouched while he stared after the retreating carriage which contained the Duke of Castletowers and his bride.

"Now then, stupid, are you going to let the first boy that comes along pick that up?"

It was the police on the beat who spoke to him, and the sound of his voice recalled his scattered wits.

"No; nor you either," he said coolly, picking up the money and putting it into his pocket. "I say, mate, who was that cove that flung it to me?"

"How should I know?"

"I thought you might, perhaps. He had a lady with him in a blue dress and white cloak. She had golden hair. I know her, and if I could get to see her she'd help me a bit."

"Ah, many gents takes women with golden hair to the Opera, you see," the policeman said, with a laugh. "It's a color that's in fashion now."

"The Opera! Were they going there?"

"So I heard the coachman say. Drury Lane."

"Drury Lane! I'm off there to see them come out."

He shouldered his broom and turned away, and the policeman looked after him with a scowl.

"Take care you don't get into trouble," he said. "They won't let you hang about the doors there, and you'll find all the crossings there taken up."

"I shan't sweep any more crossings, I guess," was the man's answer as he walked away, leaving the policeman in amazement on the curb stone.

"Ah, he'll find his way to the station house before morning," he said, "and get taken care of for a bit. It will do him good, maybe."

The man held his way eastward to Drury Lane, and hung about till the Opera was over, peering at every one who went in and out, till at length he caught sight of the carriage he had seen driving up. He wound his way through the little crowd that were watching the departures till he got quite close to the door.

Presently Hilda came down, leaning on the duke's arm, and he saw her plainly.

"It is her," he muttered, as the light of the lamps fell on her sparkling face. "I could swear to her anywheres. I knew I should see her some time if I bided long enough, and the time has come at last."

There was a slight delay or mistake in the arrival of the carriage, and Hilda stood for a minute or so under the portico.

The man asked an orange woman who stood near him who she was.

"I know the liveries and the carriage," she replied; "the gentleman is the Duke of Castletowers. I don't know who she is, unless she is his wife."

"His wife!—a duchess!"

"I expect she is. I heard tell that he was married somewhere in foreign parts. She's a pretty creature whoever she is, ain't she?"

The crossing sweeper made no answer—he was too preoccupied with his own thoughts.

"A duchess," he soliloquized, "and as rich as a Jew I'll be bound. I'll have something out of you my lady, for the sake of what's gone by."

He drew back a little and watched which way the carriage turned. Then, flinging away his broom, which was an old one and impeded his progress, he ran after it. He had the price of a day's keep in his pocket, and his broom and crossing might go.

Silently he followed the carriage, like a hound on the track, till it drove through a rather dark street, and then he sprang on the footboard behind and sat down. There was a footman with it, but he was not hanging on his perch; he was seated beside the driver, with his knees well covered up, and his head well down in the depths of his collar, and saw nothing of the intruder.

Hilda was very silent on the road home. She had seen the man again at the theatre door, and felt as though he was haunting her. She knew the cadaverous face and malicious looking eyes only too well, and she shivered violently as the carriage rattled along.

Her husband wrapped her cloak more tightly round her and drew her closer to his side.

"You have taken cold, I'm afraid," he said.

"No, it isn't that; I'm nervous."

"What about?"

"That man—that crossing sweeper. I know him."

"Then you've got a villainously ugly acquaintance, my darling," the duke said, laughing; "but you are not afraid of him, surely?"

"No, not afraid; why should I be? But, Lionel, he followed us to the theatre."

"Followed us!"

"Yes; he was there at the door when we came out. Ah, Lionel, I feel as though he were following me now."

"And suppose he is, what harm can he do? I daresay, if you really know him, and he had recognized you, he fancies he may get something out of you. Who is he? Where did you see him?"

"Long ago, in Staffordshire. He once did me a service."

"And is going to make capital out of it if he can. Don't let it upset you, dear. You shall not see people of that sort. You can help them if you like, but you shan't be worried by them. Why, little woman, you are trembling all over. Has the sight of that miserable man upset you like this?"

"I suppose so. Lal, dear?"

"Well."

"Will you always love me? Will you cling to me through evil report and good report, as you have vowed before heaven to do?"

His answer was a mute caress, and she laid her head on his shoulder and went on.

"Suppose something arose to separate us, Lal—that a great gulf should arise between our paths in life that neither of us could overstep, would you love me still?"

A strange, weird look was on the pale face she raised to his as she spoke, and the flashing lamps that they passed showed him that her lips were quivering and her eyes full of tears.

"The Opera has upset you, love," he said. "Hilda, I need not put my love into words. There can come no gulf between us now. The love I bear you now I shall bear until death steps between us. It is unchangeable—unalterable. Here we are, little wife. Rouse up and don't think of any change in my love—it cannot be."

But the time was not far distant when the Duke of Castletowers, mourning over the grave of his dead love, and grieving for the broken honor of his ancient race, came to remember every word she had spoken with a pang, and to feel that the gulf between them was one which nothing in this world or the next could bridge over.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LAKE FORMATION.—An eminent professor has lately endeavored to maintain that the basins of lakes had been scooped out by glaciers. He cites cases where there are lakes near mountain chains which could have furnished glaciers, and pointed out the absence of lakes in many parts of the world where there are no high chains. Some lakes may have been formed in that way, but many were certainly not.

—The man who finds himself with two aces and a tray at bluff often wishes he could "knock spots out of" the cards.

NOT AN IVY.

BY L. O. E.

"Come, Clay, old fellow, put up your book and let me tell you something."

On almost any other day this request, coming as it did, in my study hours, would have met with no response; for I was a very methodical sort of fellow in those days. So much so that my friend Chatterton, more familiarly known among us as Chatterbox, used to say:

"You might as well preach gracefulness and easy manners to a stiff old pole as to cry *fun* to Clay when he has really concluded to study."

On this occasion, however, I quickly laid aside my book, glad to hear what my chum had to say. It was of importance, I knew, for no light matter could keep Donell serious two hours every day for a week.

"You remember making a visit down east with me last summer?"

"Yes," I responded, with the gravity of a judge receiving evidence.

"What did you think of her?"

And his keen glance was reading in my face the thoughts I was vainly striving to marshal out of sight.

"Why," said I, after a moment's hesitation, "I think she is a very pretty, sweet, winning young lady."

"Nothing more?"

"Why yes, there is more; I think she loves you devotedly."

His face lengthened perceptibly at this, and he replied:

"Yes, I believe she does, but is that all? Can't you say that she has a mind of her own and a will? I'm not an oak, and an ivy clinging to me through life is not what I want. Since our engagement, Nettie has never once set her will against mine; she has seemed to care for nothing except what pleased me—in short, I'm afraid she is an "ivy," and what's more, Clay, I mean to break off the engagement."

"Why, Donell, she would——"

"Yes, that's just it, just it," he cried impatiently, "she's just the one to lie down and die of a broken heart, all because a fellow that fancied he was in love, finds out his mistake before the knot is tied. But then," he added recklessly, "if I don't break her heart now I should be sure to after we were married; so the sooner the better."

"But," I remonstrated, "the appointed day is almost here. In a very few weeks we are to leave the University, and in a week from that day you were to claim her as your bride. No doubt she has already begun her preparations."

"Well," he said, picking up a pen, and searching among the rubbish on the table for paper, "I shall tell her plainly how the case stands—that as I learn to know my own feelings, I find that on my part there is very little love. I shall then ask her *honorably* to release me, but I shall marry her if she insists upon it."

"It will all be an 'honorable' proceeding, I must say," I remarked, as I turned again to my book.

Donell, I believed, was a good fellow at heart, but my indignation and disgust had been awakened by this silly, careless flirtation of his, merging in two weeks into an engagement. And the wicked recklessness with which he concluded to break so solemn a contract as I considered an engagement under any circumstances to be, angered me beyond endurance. I controlled myself, however, as best I could, knowing well that any display of anger would be quite lost on Donell.

A week after this occurrence Donell brought up a letter bearing the post-mark Clyde. He tossed it over into my lap, saying:

"Read it—I hate to."

I broke open the seal at once, and read:

"Dear Charlie—Yours containing that singular confession and request, is at hand. I do not think a termination of our engagement need be the result of your discovery in regard to your feelings. Love is not generally now considered to be a necessary attendant upon marriage, and if others have done without it, why cannot I?

If you were here I'd show you the dress. The gray material makes up beautifully.

Yours as ever,
NETTIE."

As I finished, Donell was staring at me with all his might, and I stared at him in return. The ridiculousness of it all suddenly burst upon me, and I gave noisy vent to my amusement, to the evident discomfiture of Donell.

"Well," I gasped, when I had sufficiently recovered to be able to speak, "she evidently has a mind and will of her own. I cannot see, though, why she need be so determined in this matter; she can't want your money, for you haven't a cent!"

Donell made no reply, but took up his hat and went out. He said nothing more to me upon the subject, but wrote to her regularly as if nothing had occurred.

Before we entered upon the closing examinations of that term, I was called to Clyde. When the business which led me there was satisfactorily transacted, I found that I had yet two hours at my disposal. As I had a natural desire to see again the girl who could live without love, I called upon Nettie. She met me at the door, and gave me a hearty welcome. I could not see that she was changed; she certainly had not grown thin. Still, sometimes when her face was in repose, I saw, or fancied I saw, a sternness in the lines about the mouth that I had not noticed before.

She asked about Charlie:

"Is he well? Is he as full of fun and frolic as ever?"

I told her that he was well, and seemed to be very happy; and yet he was changed, I could not tell how. He seemed more thoughtful, and I believed his happiness was something different from his usual, natural light-heartedness.

She seemed a little troubled about what I had said, and soon excused herself, saying that she had something she wished to send to Charlie. When she returned she gave me a little box, which she told me to give him as soon as I saw him.

"There is a note inside that will explain it."

True to commands, I gave the box to Donell immediately upon my return. It contained her engagement ring and a note, saying that she had finally concluded to yield to his request, and release him from the engagement.

Donell picked up the ring savagely, and, thrusting it into his vest pocket, commenced pacing the floor in a way that made my head ache; and finally threw himself into a chair, exclaiming:

"I say Clay, I wish she hadn't!"

That evening he told me that he must be away the next day, and requested me to say to the professors that he was called away on very urgent business. I promised to attend to the matter.

He was off early in the morning; and late at night he returned sad and dispirited.

While we were sitting by the fire that night before we lit the lamps, he told me his day's experience.

She evidently had not expected to see him again at present. She was surprised, and appeared a little nervous, and Donell says he had never seen her look so grave before. He told her that he had not fully understood her when he asked for a release, but now that he was better acquainted with her, he begged that she would accept again the ring, with his love. This she steadily refused to do.

"Nettie," he said reproachfully, "I thought you loved me!"

"Loved you!" she exclaimed almost angrily, "I gave you the earliest—poets say they are the best—affections of my life. You cast them off as unworthy of you. I gave up even my personality for you. You despised me for it. By so doing you taught me a lesson I shall never forget. And in return for this I hoped, by holding you to your promise, to bring you to realize its importance and sacredness, but I did not foresee this. I meant merely to frighten you, that you might never again enter upon an engagement without having given it some previous consideration."

"The lesson will be of no use to me," responded Donell gloomily, "I'm through with such things."

* * * * * *

Five years have passed now, bringing the usual number of changes. In the last Clyde *Herald* I read a notice of the marriage of Miss Nettie Van Buren to Mr. Joseph Ward. I remember Joe Ward. He is one of the noblest and most influential men of L——.

Donell for nearly three years has been a devoted admirer of the wilful little widow over the way. Last week he slipped the ring upon her finger, and next week the marriage ceremony is to be celebrated. It could not have been bashfulness that kept that proud hearted, self-confident friend of mine so long from making a definite proposal to the little widow; so I sometimes think it must have been the lesson once taught him by a woman with a mind and a will of her own.

NELLIE'S SACRIFICE.

Nellie Armstrong was a very nice little girl. Mortal she certainly was, and endowed with mortal failings; but she had pure, generous impulses, and a warm, kind heart of her own, nevertheless. Perhaps you will say that I ought to call her a young lady, for at the time I write she was just seventeen, was "grown up," and (I may as well tell you confidentially) several very young gentlemen of her acquaintance considered themselves to be deeply smitten with her charms. You would not blame them in the least if you had ever seen Nellie. She had a sweet rosy face of her own, and a pair of dark laughing blue eyes that were true indexes to her usually happy heart.

But Nellie had one great vanity, and if she had been free from it, I never should have written this story. It was not the shining curls of her bright brown hair, or the pearly teeth displayed so bewitchingly by her sweet smile, or the roguish dimples hiding in either cheek. What, then, was it? Simply and only her delicate little white hands.

"A very strange thing to be vain of," I fancy I hear some sober-faced person exclaim, who thereupon sets my little heroine down as a very foolish character unworthy of the name of heroine. To such I would say, Wait and see.

Having this pet vanity, Nellie had also one great wish, the gratification of which seemed to her as important and necessary to her happiness as a mightier object would to some others. She thought that nothing in the world would make her so happy as the possession of a diamond ring. Many a time she imagined how it would gleam and sparkle on her white finger, until she was at times actually unhappy and miserable from this slight cause.

Now Nellie's father (a barrister) was not a very rich man, though his means enabled him to support his family in comfort, and in even some degree of elegance. He had never seen the time when he thought it would be right to expend twelve or fifteen pounds for a diamond ring. Still, he knew how much Nellie wished for the bauble, and would have been glad to gratify her, for she was his favorite child.

One day Mr. Armstrong was more successful than usual in his profession, and received a large fee. As he went into his house on his return from his chambers, he was met by Nellie, who greeted him with a kiss and a radiant smile. Looking at her with proud and loving eyes, he thought of the large sum he had in his pocket, which was sufficient to purchase the coveted ring, and for which he had no particular need. All through the evening he considered upon it, and as he noted Nellie's sweet, pleasant ways, and the willing aid she gave to her younger brother and sister in their studies, he decided that he would buy the ring.

Unconscious Nellie sang and smiled, little thinking what was in her father's mind. If she had been sulky, cross and selfish, I doubt if Mr. Armstrong would have been so ready to please her, because he might then have thought she did not deserve to be gratified.

The next day Nellie was invited by her father to take a walk with him down Bond street. She was glad to go, and no sunnier-faced girl could be seen in the street that morning. She was a little surprised when her father turned and entered the large jewelry establishment of Blank and Co.; but her astonishment knew no bounds when she heard him inquire for beautiful lady's rings. Selecting one that she thought, schoolgirl fashion, was "perfectly lovely," he tried it on his daughter's finger, pronounced it a fit, and then told her that she need not take it off again.

"Oh, papa! you don't, you can't mean that it is mine!" she exclaimed as they stepped into the street.

"Yes," replied her father, his own face radiant at seeing her evident delight. "You are a good little girl, Nellie, and I hope the ring will make you as truly happy as you imagined it would."

Nellie thought there was not the slightest doubt of that, and all day long her eyes were scarcely lifted from the precious jewel that sparkled so brightly on her pretty finger. In the evening her father could not repress a smile as he saw her passing her hand to and fro in the gaslight to watch the glitter of the diamond.

About half-past seven o'clock the door-bell rang, and a lady inquired for Mr. Armstrong, saying she wished to see him alone. Nellie, lost in thought, did not heed the interruption, but sat still in the shade of the heavy curtains.

When the visitor came into the room and threw back her veil, Mr. Armstrong recognized with surprise the daughter of an old friend and chum at college. She seemed to find great difficulty in telling the object of her call, although Mr. Armstrong's kind and cordial manner was calculated to encourage her. At length, bursting into tears, she told him that at the death of her father, rather more than a year before, she and an invalid mother had been left to struggle with poverty and privation as best they might. Yet they had supported themselves independently until the mother's health entirely gave way. Then, with all her efforts, the daughter could not earn money enough to provide the necessary comforts for her sick parent, and there was a distress in their lodgings for rent. Indeed, their hardhearted landlord threatened to turn them out in an hour's time if they did not sooner pay what was due him.

"I know no one but you," sobbed the young girl, "to whom I could apply, and would never have troubled you if our need was not so extreme. It will kill my mother to be turned out of doors to-night in her present condition."

Mr. Armstrong was deeply affected, and asked what sum she needed. She replied, only fifteen pounds.

"I have not that amount just now," said Mr. Armstrong. "But I will see what I can do——"

"Oh, here, papa!" cried Nellie, rushing out into the light from the nook where she had sat unnoticed; "take my ring—do take my ring! I don't want it half as much as they need the money, and it will produce enough to help them pay the rent."

Happiness and gratitude filled the hearts of the sick widow and her daughter that night, but Mr. Armstrong had no need to make away with the ring to produce this effect. He called on a friend, from whom he borrowed the requisite sum; and then returned home to give back the ring to his daughter, with many kind words and tender kisses for her generous heart.

EVA'S HYACINTH.

BY JULIA R. TORREY.

Little Eva Lovejoy, who lives in the great city of Boston, has such a wonderful hyacinth, that people in passing by the window it brightens, stop and admire, for this is no common hyacinth. It is so very large, the flowers of such a rich pink, the stalk so tall and richly clustered with blossoms, that it might well be called the Queen of Hyacinths.

There is a little story connected with this beautiful flower.

Like many other girls, Eva went daily to school; and when released in the afternoon, skipped gaily home.

One day, while tripping homeward, the pretty things in a store window so attracted her attention, that she stopped to look at them, thinking:

"Oh! what dear, cute little dollies! They are only eight cents. I want one ever so much, but I haven't the money.

Suddenly an expression of relief crept over her face, and she continued:

"Why, yes, I've almost enough, for papa gave me five cents last Friday, 'cause I didn't miss a lesson the whole week. Now, I'll study real hard so I won't miss this week; then, Friday, papa will give me five cents more, so I can buy one of those dollies, and have two cents left for candy. Let me see which one I'll buy; I guess I'll take that one with blue eyes, black curls, and dimple in her chin."

So thinking, little Eva hastened home, learned her lessons for the next day, and the next, and the next, for every day, till on Friday afternoon, her teacher gave her her report for the week, which was 10, or perfect.

With a happy heart Eva bounded home, and showed her papa the report.

He praised her for being such a good girl, and then handed her a new five-cent piece.

Thanking her papa, Eva's thoughts flew instantly to the doll she had so set her heart upon having; so she hastened to the store, but just as she had placed her hand upon the knob to open the door, a pale, thin little girl touched her on the arm, and said:

"Meex, blease to me someting gives. Me ish hunghry."

Eva hesitated a moment. Thinking of the pretty Dollie she wanted, it seemed as if she must say: "No, I've nothing to give you." But as she had been taught to think twice before she spoke, when the next words came, they were:

"You poor little girl! I'll give you what papa calls my 'bright earnings,'" at the same time slipping the two five-cent pieces into the thin hand.

As the little beggar girl's fingers closed tightly over the money, she said:

"Oh! dank you! dank you!" and was turning to go, when Eva asked:

"Won't you tell me your name?"

"Gretchen Schneider ish mein name, but mutter calls me her herzblatt."

"What a queer pet name!" exclaimed Eva. "My mamma never calls me such funny names; she calls me her 'bud,' her 'darling.'"

"Eh!" replied Gretchen, smiling; "dat ish vat meine mutter calls me, but her tongue sounds not as yours. Herzblatt means bud and darling; but ve is Deutsch, und you ist von Englander."

"Why, you're a *real* German girl, then, aren't you?" exclaimed the surprised Eva. "Do tell me where you live. I'd so like to know."

"Mein mutter und me, und my baby bruder Karl, lives at 9 Conrad Court; und ve ish so poor—so much poor."

"I'm sorry for you," said Eva, "but I must go home now. Good-bye, and"—looking sorrowfully at the pinched face, "I do wish you would get fat."

Eva now turned her steps towards home, feeling glad that she had given the money to Gretchen, instead of buying the doll.

Reaching home, she sprang upstairs, danced into the sitting-room, and exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, I've seen a real German girl! She talks so funny, I wish you could hear her. She says her 'mutter' calls her—something—I don't know what—and that it means the same as the pet names you call me. I gave her my 'bright earnings' for this week and last, 'cause she is so thin, and looks as if she must be hungry all the time. I asked her where she lived, and she told me in Conrad's Court. Mamma, I want to go there, and see how Gretchen lives, may I?"

"Yes, my bud; but there, don't start off in such a hurry; wait till I tell you what to do. Go and tell Jane I say for her to put up a basket of eatables, and carry them for you to this poor German girl's home."

Down into the kitchen Eva ran, repeated the pitiful story to Jane, the cook, who gladly filled the basket, and went with her to the court.

When they found where Gretchen lived they knocked at the door, and inquired of the woman who opened it where they could find Gretchen Schneider.

"Go up to the top of the third flight of stairs, the first door to the right."

So Eva and Jane went up, up, up, till they reached the top; then rapped at the door indicated, which was opened by the little German girl, who was so delighted to see the kind-hearted Eva, that she turned quickly to her 'mutter,' exclaiming:

"Mutter! mutter! dieses ist das liebliches Kindes welches mir das geld gabe."

The "mutter," coming forward and placing chairs for Eva and Jane, said:

"Me ish glad in mein hearts to looks upons you, Fraulein. Me vants to dank your much guiness to mein little Gretchen."

The words were uttered slowly and carefully, her knowledge of English being even less than Gretchen's.

Eva smiled, hesitated, then said:

"Gretchen told me she was a real German girl; so, as I wanted to come and see her, mamma told me I might. I've heard you do not cook in Germany the way we do here, so I've brought you some food that people of our country like. This is Jane, here; she's our cook, and makes everything taste nice."

Jane, with a "nonsense, Miss Eva," opened the lid of the basket, displaying a tempting assortment of eatables.

Gretchen and her 'mutter' looked as if they could scarcely believe that all those good things were for them.

When they fully realized that this was no dream, tears filled their eyes, and the German woman, with a tender, pleading look, softly smoothed back little Eva's curls, and saying, "let me?" imprinted a kiss on the fair child's forehead.

"Dear little Fraulein! dear little Fraulein! me hopes you nevers, nevers knows vat it ish to needs gut foods like dis! Mein baby Karl vill bees happy mit dese cakes! Vy, yous have nicht looked upon my boy. Me must him shows to yous."

Stepping across the room, she raised the babe gently in her arms, and carried him over to where Eva was sitting.

What a proud ring was in her voice, when she said:

"Dat ish mein boy. Vat you tinks of him?"

Indeed she might well be proud, for Karl was a beautiful baby, full of bright, pretty ways.

When Eva's face bent over his, the little hands flew up against her cheeks, and, as the baby noticed the gold chain around Eva's neck, his eyes danced merrily, while a contented "coo-coo" expressed his delight.

"What a darling little baby! I never saw but one so pretty before, and that was my brother Willie, whom the angels loved so well that they took him away from papa, mamma, Minnie, and me. Papa," she continued, looking around as if in search of some one, "why, where is this baby's papa?"

A sad look came into the 'mutter's' face, as she answered:

"His body is lying in Get's acre, und his soul ish in de angel's land. De little Fraulein vould likes to hear someting of mein story? Ya? It vill not takes much vords to tells yous it; but, oh! de pain ish big dat has comes to me. Ve lives all happies in our Vaterland; but ve gets poor, und poorer, und poorer, then mein big Karl says, 'Mein frau, me goes to dat free country, vere all mays rich become!' So he comes off to America. Me vas soons to follows mit mein children; but ven mein children und me vinds dis country, ve no vinds mein Karl, vor he had gones to a still freer countries. De day bevores de ship landed us, he sailed in de angel's ship, and leaves me to weeps all de times—dat ish all me cans do. Oh, Karl, mein big, strong Karl, come back to me!" sobbed the woman.

"Oh, Mrs. Schneider, don't! don't!" cried little Eva. "He can't come back, he must be. It would be breaking a link from the angel-band, and those links, you know, can never be broken. They keep growing larger and larger, brighter and brighter, all the time. He is glad to be there, and will be ready to show you through the golden gate, when it is time for you to go; so, please, please, don't cry."

While talking, Eva's soft, little hands gently stroked the woman's, and soon the voice of the young pleader caused a sweet peace to creep into the woman's heart, and she felt comforted.

Shortly after this Eva rose to go. When she did so, Gretchen's "mutter" brought her something, which Eva thought was a very large red onion, until she heard the words:

"Fraulein, if yous puts dis in a pot, und puts it in a dark plaze, und vaters it, und cares vor it, yous vill haves von beauty plant. It ish von Deutsch Hyacinth bulb. It comes mit me vrom mein Vaterland. It vill bees von vull blant of muchs lovely flowers.

"Oh, no! I'll not take it. You've brought it all the way from Germany. It would be hard for you to part with it. Keep it, and I'll come here to see it bloom," said the thoughtful little girl.

"No, no, Fraulein, me has so many of dem," showing with her hands how many "so many" were. "Take it, liebchen, und ven it blooms, thinks of de poor Deutsch woman whose heart your gut, sweet words have filled mit flowers as sweet."

Thus urged, Eva took the bulb, thanking Mr. Schneider in such a way that the good woman knew the little "Fraulein" was overjoyed to possess such a rare plant.

Then Eva and Jane bade the Germans good-bye, and started for home.

Eva's face wore a very thoughtful look for a while; then it brightened up wonderfully, and as her impatient feet could hardly beat time to the slower ones of Jane, at last she said:

"Jane, won't you please walk faster? I'm in such a hurry to tell mamma, and ask her something."

So Jane walked more briskly, and they soon reached a brown stone front, where the door-plate showed the name, William Lovejoy.

The next moment Eva was up the steps and through the door, and into the hall; the next, upstairs and into the sitting-room.

How bright and happy she looked as she stood there, with the sunlight giving new beauty to her golden hair.

"My little bud enjoyed the visit," remarked Mrs. Lovejoy, when she saw the happy light in her child's eyes.

"Yes," spoke Eva.

And such a "yes" as it was. It sounded as if it had come, with a dancing ripple, right from her heart, for each letter seemed a note struck on happiness' key-board, for it was such a happy, happy "yes."

Eva then told all about the visit, not forgetting the pretty baby Karl.

When she showed the great bulb the German woman had given her, Eva's mamma appeared as pleased as Eva herself, and had it planted nicely in a pot, and placed in a dark corner. Then she said:

"Has my little girl thought of anything she would like to do, or have done, to help those Germans?"

"Yes, mamma; I saw that Mrs. Schneider sews just as well with her big hands as an American woman does with small ones. Can't we help her that way? Can't we give her something to sew? Can't you tell some of your friends about her?"

"Yes, to all your questions, dear, but hands are slow needle-workers, now-a-days. Do you remember, sister Minnie has a new machine, and the old one is still in working order?"

"O, mamma, do you mean that she may have that; do you really?

"Yes, 'really,' my pet, nor shall it be long in going. Jack shall take it there to-morrow, and you may write a little note, dear, to slip in one of the drawers, so when the Germans open it they will know who sent it.

Tears actually came into Eva's eyes, she was so glad. With her little fingers quivering to pen the note, she asked:

"May I write it now?"

"Certainly, my pet, you may."

So Eva flew upstairs, and soon came down with her writing-desk. After trying several times, she was satisfied with the following:

"DEAR GERMANS—I've been telling mamma about you, and as she feels like helping you, she sends you this machine, so that you may easier earn a living. Mamma says the machine will work faster than fingers, and that it will bring the money in quicker. I'm glad, for I am sure you will be. Mamma has had the bulb put in a pot; I'm going to watch to see if I can see it grow. I'll come and see you again soon, but now I must say good-bye.

EVA LOVEJOY."

She read it to her mamma, who told her it was "quite a creditable little letter;" then she folded it up and slipped it in the drawer.

The next day the machine was sent.

Shortly after that, Eva called there with her sister Minnie, who showed the woman how to work it.

Great was the woman's gratitude for the kindness shown her by the Lovejoy family. By their aid she was enabled to earn enough money to support herself and children quite comfortably.

Every day Eva watered her bulb. When the first green shoot peeped out of the ground, she was rejoiced, and tended to it more carefully than before; till the tender, green leaves unrolled, and revealed the tiny buds. Then Eva would try to look them into blooming.

Perhaps the sunshine of her face had some effect upon them, for they grew rapidly. Every day she could see the pink flush deepening on the green buds, until they opened, revealing all the beauty of the perfect blossom.

Eva's heart seemed filled with the glad song of delight, as she thus stood before her flowers, drinking in all their loveliness.

Laying her flushed cheek softly against them, she would murmur:

"Oh, you beautiful flowers, you're so sweet—so sweet!"

Mrs. Lovejoy's friends would say.

"Where did you get it? I must surely have one like it!"

They then would listen to the story of the German woman, after which they would remark:

"I'll pay her a high price if she'll only let me have one; and I'll give her some sewing to do."

So it happened that while Mrs. Schneider was kept busy working the machine, Gretchen took care of the hyacinths, increasing them so as to have bulbs or plants to sell, every season, to the many admirers of the beautiful flower.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

WILL is more than wish.

ENNUI is the ghost of murdered time.

IT is easier to see small faults than large virtues.

HE is rich who is poor enough to be generous.

LOVE is an extreme—to love less is to love no more.

IF laughter is the daylight of the soul, a smile is its twilight.

ANGER alway hurts us more than the one we get mad at.

A wise man's thoughts walk within him, but a fool's without.

LET us search ourselves in the first place, and afterwards the world.

A man displeased with the world is never satisfied with himself.

Be severe to yourself, indulgent to others; and thus avoid resentment.

THE wise and prudent conquer difficulties by daring to attempt them.

NOTHING can constitute good breeding that has not good nature for its foundation.

ANYTHING we can love and reverence becomes, as it were, the Sabbath for the mind.

FEW men have a life-plan, although many a week, year, youth, or business-plan.

MODESTY in your discourse will give a lustre to truth, and an excuse to your error.

THE hardest trial of the heart is to attempt to bear a rival's failure without weak triumph.

THE most effectual way, to secure happiness to ourselves is to confer it upon others.

EVERYBODY seems to think himself a moral half bushel to measure the world's frailties.

SOCIETY is a masked ball, where every one hides his real character, and reveals it by hiding.

MINDS of only moderate calibre ordinarily condemn everything that is beyond their range.

HE who thinks too much of himself will be in danger of being forgotten by the rest of the world.

WHAT we wish to do we think we can do, but when we do not wish a thing it becomes impossible.

NEXT in point of meanness to doing an injury is to do a man a favor and every now and then remind him of it.

"I can't do it," never did anything. "I'll try," has worked wonders, and "I will do it," has performed miracles.

Two things indicate an obscure understanding—to be silent when we ought to converse, and to speak when we should be silent.

No friends are more faithful, more inseparable, than hard-heartedness and pride, humility and love, falsehood and impudence.

SINCERITY does not consist of speaking your mind on all occasions, but in doing it when silence would be censurable and falsehood inexcusable.

IT may be very well to tell us to walk quietly through the world, without arousing hate or envy; but what is to be done when they never sleep?

IT is a good rule to be very patient with the faults of others and very impatient with your own. As a general thing, however, the rule is reversed.

THE solemn seemer, as a rule, will be found more ignorant and shallow than those who laugh both loud and long, content to hide their knowledge.

DESTINY is the scapegoat which we make responsible for all our crimes and follies; a necessity which we set down for invincible, when we have no wish to strive against it.

THE belief that guardian spirits hover around the paths of men, covers a mighty truth; for every beautiful, and pure, and good thought which the heart holds, is an angel of mercy, purifying and guarding the soul.

—Married men who have an idea that they may one day be widowers, are preparing for future emergencies by purchasing phonographs and storing away their wives' remarks. In time to come by this means they will be enabled to recall many memories of the past without any of their attending dangers.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

NEW METALS.—It is stated that four hundred years ago but seven metals had been discovered, while we are now acquainted with the existence of fifty-one, thirty of which, nearly three-fifths, have been made known to us since the beginning of the present century.

CLOCK WORK AND SEWING MACHINES.—Clock-work has been successfully applied as a motor to sewing machines by a mechanician of Vienna. It can be wound up in a few minutes, and it will run for several hours, its speed being meanwhile fully under the control of the operator.

THE MAGNET.—A powerful bar magnet, in connection with a Grove battery, has been successfully used in London Eng. in extracting a chip of steel from the eye of a mechanic. When the magnet was four inches from the eye, the chip of steel sprang from the lens where it had lodged to the inner surface of the cornea, whence it was removed without much difficulty.

SPIDER'S WEBS.—It has been computed that one hundred of the single threads of a full grown spider are not equal to the diameter of the hair of the human beard; and consequently, if the threads and hair be both round, ten thousand such threads are not larger than such a hair. It is calculated that 4,000,000 of a young spider's are not so large as the single human hair.

THE STRENGTH OF WOOD.—Wood is strong in ratio to its weight. The heaviest and densest will prove the most durable. This should be selected for weight-carrying purposes, such as the ties of bridges, where the two qualities of strength and durability are desirable. Coarse-grained wood weighs the heaviest, and, as it contains more resin than that of a finer grain, is especially adapted for a position which has to contend with any degree of dampness.

THE RAIN-TREE.—Concerning the so-called rain-tree of Pew. The water does not ooze from the trunk, and hardly ever falls in such quantity as to convert the ground into a swamp. The fact appears to be that the liquid which seems to fall from the leaves and branches is produced by a multitude of cicades that live on the juices of the tender leaves. This appears to be analogous to the production of honey dew from the lime tree by the agency of aphides.

FARM AND GARDEN.

CARE OF MILK.—A pail of milk standing ten minutes where it is exposed to the scent of a strong smelling stable, or any other offensive odor, will imbibe a taint that will never leave it.

SEX IN EGGS.—A French scientist, in a communication to the Academy of Sciences, states that he was able, after having carefully investigated the matter for several years, to say that all eggs containing the germ of males have wrinkles on the small end, while females are smooth.

WEEDS.—Weeds in lawns, if annuals, are soon killed by frequent mowing; thistles, docks, plantains, and other perennials, can be pulled when small, if the ground is moist, or if too large, cut below the surface with a knife. A few children will soon clear them out at a little expense.

WATERING PLANTS.—Plants should be watered thoroughly, so that the moisture will penetrate to their roots. Those who are constantly dribbling a small supply of water on their plants will not have them in a flourishing condition for any length of time. The reason is obvious: The surface of the soil is kept moist, but the roots perish from want of water.

CHURNING BUTTER.—At certain times, from some peculiar cause, much difficulty is encountered in churning the cream into butter. There are instances of persons having churned the whole day to no purpose, which is certainly very trying to the good housewife. As a last resort, try a tablespoonful of soda or pearl ash, dissolved in a pint of warm water; pour it into the churn while it is in motion, and if butter don't form after this application, the operation may be abandoned as hopeless.

THE SUN-FLOWER.—The value of the sunflower, which is easily cultivated, is little known. It will grow in almost any situation where there is plenty of sun, close to a fence or wall. In places where few other plants would thrive. The seeds form a most excellent and convenient food for poultry, and it is only necessary to cut off the heads of the plants when ripe, tie them in bunches, and hang them in a dry place till wanted. They not only fatten every description of poultry, but greatly increase the quantity of eggs they lay.

LEACHED ASHES.—A writer on this subject says: We recollect seeing, several years ago, a field of wheat on a portion of which unleached wood ashes had been spread, and on a contiguous portion leached ashes from a heap which had been exposed to the weather for many years. The same quantity of leached and unleached ashes was applied to the same quantity of ground. The wheat on both lots showed a decided superiority over the rest of the field, but the appearance of the grain, as to yield and quality, where the leached ashes were spread, was equal, or if anything superior; to that on the other lot.

SOIL TESTERS.—Somebody has said that the texture of soil, and the proportion of the earth of which it is composed are the first and most important conditions of its productive powers. When there is a good natural loam which retains moisture without becoming wet or overcharged with it, and permits the influence of the atmospheric air to pervade it, the crops cannot fail to be more certain and remunerative, than in loose sand or tenacious clays, however rich they may be in those elements which are supposed to supply the elements from which the juices of plants are chiefly composed. These are facts well worth remembering, and they point clearly to the advantages to be derived from an application of sand to heavy, retentive soils, or of clay to a light sandy one. While such admixtures are not, of course, always practicable, and in many cases would prove more costly than profitable, there are in almost every farmer's experience, circumstances under which they could be made to advantage.

A Tranquil Nervous System

Can never be possessed by those whose digestive and assimilative organs are in a state of chronic disorder. Weak stomachs make weak nerves. To restore vigor and quietude to the latter, the first must be invigorated and regulated. The ordinary sedatives may tranquillize the nerves for a while, but they can never, like Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, remove the causes of nervous debility. That superb invigorant and corrective of disordered conditions of the alimentary organs has also the effect of imparting tone to the nerves. The delicate tissues of which they are constituted, when weakened in consequence of impoverishment of the blood, resulting from imperfect digestion and assimilation, draw strength from the fund of vitality developed in the system by the fitters, which imparts the requited impetus to the nutritive functions of the stomach, enriches the circulation, and gives tone and regularity to the secretive and excretive organs.

MR. E. DUNCAN SNIFFEN, 11 and 12 Astor House offices, New York, an advertising agent of considerable ability, makes the following truthful remarks in a recent number of the New York World in regard to newspaper advertising:

"The newspaper is so comprehensive in its scope, so universal in administering to the wants of all classes, and of every occupation in life; it brings, as it were, the financial and commercial markets of the world to our counting rooms, so that it may be truly said that a good advertisement in a widely circulated newspaper is the best of all possible salesmen—one who never sleeps and is never weary, who goes after business early and late, who secures the merchant in his store, the lawyer in his office, the student in his study, the cultivated woman at the family fireside, who can be in a thousand places at once, and address a million of people each day, saying only the best thing at the right time and in the best manner.

Now this typical salesman talks only about his own business in his own interest, and if in a crowd, he must, in order to secure a hearing, be more conspicuous than his competitors, and at all times he must be as attractive as possible. The work involves intelligence, a good deal of ingenuity, and original and ready resource to make the stale matter of yesterday fresh and inviting to-day. This is the kind of newspaper advertising that it pays to do, and that we undertake to do.

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS, KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT, PURIFIES THE BLOOD, RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR; CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

R. R. R.
Radway's Ready Relief.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE CEASE TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflamation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloureux, Toothache, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or with Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Sprains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

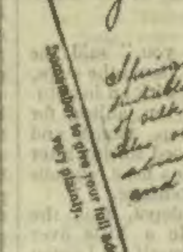
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO.
32 Warren Street, New York.



1. FOR MOTH, PATCHES, FRECKLES AND TAN, THE ONLY RELIABLE CURE IS PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.

2. FOR PIMPLES ON THE FACE, BLACKHEADS, OR FLESH-WORMS, USE PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, an infallible skin medicine; or consult DR. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York.

Both these medicines are sold by druggists.

MATRIMONIAL TIMES.—A journal devoted to the interests of those desiring to extend their acquaintance or correspondence. Send 10 cts. for sample copy. WHITE & CO., Publishers, Box 3007, Boston, Mass.

40 CARDS, Latest Style with name, 10 cents, or 10 in case, 13 cents. 25 styles Fun and Flirtation Cards, 10 cents. F. D. GILBERT, P. M., Higganum, Conn.

IF YOU WISH A GENTLEMAN CORRESPONDENT send 15 cts. and stamp for name and photograph, to Miss Kittie Carlton, Brockton, Mass.

INDELIBLE ROUGE BEAUTIFIES THE complexion. Will not wash off. Price $1. Address Beauty & Co., Box 68, Clinton, L. I.

25 styles of Cards, 10c., or 10 Chromo Cards, 10c., with name. Outfit 10c. J. B. HUESTED, Nassau, N. Y.

40 MIXED CARDS, with name, 10 cents. Agents outfit 10 cts. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

50 Extra Cards, no two alike, name printed in crimson, gold and silver, 10c. F. C. Lyman, Clintonville, Ct.

KNOW THYSELF

A new Medical Treatise, "THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, OR SELF-PRESERVATION," a book for everybody. Price $1, sent by mail. It contains 30 original prescriptions, either one of which is worth 10 times the price of the book. Gold Medal awarded the author by the National Medical Association. The Boston Herald says: "The Science of Life is, beyond all comparison, the most extraordinary work ever published." The London Lancet says: "No person should be without this valuable book. The author is a noble benefactor." An illustrated sample sent to all on receipt of six cents, for postage. The author can be consulted. Address DR. W. H. PARKER, No. 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass.

HEAL THYSELF

TO ADVERTISERS!

We will send free to all applicants who do any newspaper advertising, the THIRD EDITION of

AYER & SON'S MANUAL

FOR ADVERTISERS, 160 pages. More complete than any which have preceded it. Gives the names, circulation, and advertising rates of several thousand newspapers in the United States and Canada, and contains more information of value to an advertiser than can be found in any other publication. All lists have been carefully revised, and where practicable prices have been reduced. The special offers are numerous and unusually advantageous. Be sure to send for it before spending any money in newspaper advertising. Address N. W. AYER & SON, ADVERTISING AGENTS, Times Building, Philadelphia.

GREATEST BARGAINS

in PIANOS & ORGANS during the month ever known. WE MUST. We are determined to sell pianos and organs, as the times demand. Read and mark what we offer. We have the BEST and most RELIABLE House in the World, and will, to Dispose of our Present Stock of 500 NEW and SECOND-HAND INSTRUMENTS of BEST makers, including WATERS', & SHONINGERS, place them within the reach of every family by offering them at FACTORY PRICES, all fully warranted. We have been in the business nearly Thirty Years and cannot be Undersold on first-class Instruments, by any house in America. Take advantage of the GREAT OFFER. Send for Catalogue at once. HORACE WATERS & SONS, 40 East 14th St., New York.

J. HOPPE,
Cor. Sixth and Thompson Sts., Phila., Pa.

WARNER BROS' CORSETS

Are justly celebrated for their superior style and workmanship. Their

HEALTH CORSET,

With Skirt Supporters and self-adjusting pads, have world-wide reputation. Price $1.50. Their Nursing Corset is the desire of every mother. Price, $1.50. Their new

Flexible Hip Corset,

(30 bones), is warranted not to break down over the hips. Price, $1.75.

For sale by leading retail trade. Samples sent by mail on receipt of price.

Warner Bros, 351 Broadway, N. Y.

RUPTURE

Relieved and cured, without the injury trusses inflict, by Dr. J. A. Sherman's system. Office, 258 Broadway, N. Y. His book, with photographic likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, mailed for 10 cents.

15 CENTS FOR AN ELEGANT Chromo and Biggest Cabinet for three months. Try it. Sunset Cabinet Pub. Co. 76 Madison St., Chicago.

$1200 Salary. Salesmen wanted to sell our Staple Goods to dealers. No peddling. Expenses paid. Permanent employment. Address S. A. GRANT & CO., 2, 4, 6 & 8 Home St., Cincinnati, O.

$3 GOLD PLATED WATCHES, Cheapest in the known world. *Sample Watch Free to Agents.* Address, A. COULTER & Co., Chicago.

$2500 a year. Agents wanted everywhere. Business strictly legitimate. Particulars free. Address J. WORTH & Co., St. Louis, Mo.

SALESMEN WANTED $125 A Month and Expenses Paid. LADIES' MAN CIGARS

60 MIXED CARDS, with name, 10c. Best Offer ever made. F. W. Gardiner, Lynn, Mass.

40 FINELY PRINTED VISITING cards; no two alike, with your name on them all, for only 10 cts. STAR PRINTING CO., Northford, Conn.

25 ELEGANT CARDS, with name, 10c. 25 Extra Mixed, 10c. Geo. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

25 ELEGANT Cards, 25 styles; or 40 Fine Mixed, with name 10c. Helen Read & Co., New Haven, Conn.

50 BEST Mixed Cards, with name, 10 case, 10c., or 25 no 2 alike, 10c. Outfit 10c. Dowd & Co., Bristol, Ct.

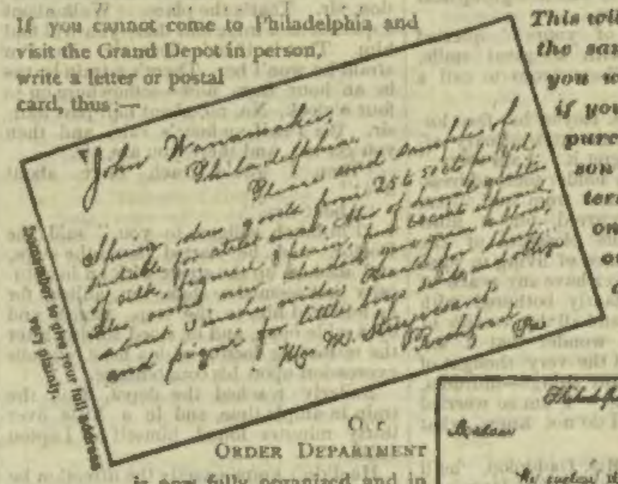
FUN 1 pk. each Escort, Love, Pop Question, Courting, Flirt cards, 10c. H. LEM & Co., Middleboro, Mass.

DIVORCES, in any State, without publicity, send stamp for the law. G. R. Bird, Chicago, Ill.

25 3-PLY CARDS, all styles with name, 10 Cents post-paid. J. W. Brockway, Wilson, N. Y.

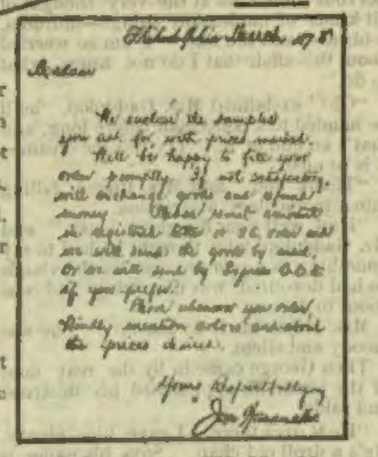
Shopping Without Leaving Home.

If you cannot come to Philadelphia and visit the Grand Depot in person, write a letter or postal card, thus:—



This will ensure you the same attention you would receive if you made your purchases in person at our counters. Postage on Goods sent out is one cent an ounce.

SPRING, 1878.


Philadelphia March 27 1878
Mr. Wanamaker
We enclose the samples
you ask for, with prices marked.
Will be happy to fill your
order promptly. If not satisfactory,
will exchange goods or refund
money. Other points touched
in letter. If $5 or more will
we will send the goods by mail.
Or we will send by Express C.O.D.
if you prefer.
Please observe you will
kindly mention order received
the 25th inst.
Yours respectfully
John Wanamaker

Or

ORDER DEPARTMENT

is now fully organized and in perfect working order for the prompt transaction of small or large business. Samples promptly forwarded by mail. Orders filled on receipt of amount, or packages sent by express, C. O. D.

—SPRING, 1878,—

Opens with a larger and better assortment of every variety of Goods than we have ever before offered.

John Wanamaker, 13th & Market, Philad'a.

TO LADIES

ELEGANT GRASS LINEN SUITS at Wholesale Prices.

Two-Piece Suit, by mail, postpaid, $2.00. Three-piece Suit, by mail, postpaid, $2.50. Orders for Ten or more Suits by express, charges prepaid. The accompanying illustration is a correct copy of the Suit made from a photograph for the engraver. These Suits we are manufacturing in large quantities for the Summer Trade. They are nicely made and elegantly trimmed, in Brown or Black, headed with a white piping. Bust Measures range from 25 to 42 inches, and larger sizes are made to order when desired, without extra charge. Owing to the enormous changes made by dressmakers at the present time, in *making* Suits, the economy in *buying* Suits ready made at such low figures is readily seen. To ladies acting as AGENTS, and sending orders for TEN Suits, we will give ONE SUIT FREE.

In sending your orders, write your Name, Postoffice, County and State PLAINLY, so that no mistake will occur. Send all money by Registered Letter, Money Order or Bank Draft. We solicit your orders, and guarantee satisfaction. Address all orders to P. W. WILLIAMS & CO., 106, 108, 110 and 112 S. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.

LADIES ARE ALL LOOKING

For POTTERY DECORATIONS, FOR UMBRELLA HOLDERS, CUSPADORES, VASES, &c., SCRAP-BOOK ILLUSTRATIONS and many other purposes. Being a cheap and easily acquired mode of decoration, this art has been seized upon with avidity by all classes of people. We import the finest designs.

☞ To introduce our goods we will send our "GEM" selection of 5 FULL SHEETS of Ornaments on receipt of 25 cents, and 2 cent stamp for Illustrated Catalogue. You will be more than satisfied. Address,

BERLIN & YEDDO CHROMO CO.,
111 Fulton Street, New York.

To all who mention this paper we will send an extra sheet of Ornaments, "A Pair of Carrier Pigeons."

VIOLETS.

BY MRS. MARY E. HALL.

I walked out in the open fields to-day
To while from care a lonely hour away,
And read a page from Nature's open book,
And gather violets blooming by the brook.
The violets started up in mute surprise,
While tears of sweetness gathered in their eyes.

I asked the precious violets, Why those tears?
Does life to you bring recompense of fears?
It seems to me life should be ever sweet
To flowers endowed with beauty so complete.
The brook beside you sings a merry song
As o'er its lowly bed it glides along.

The violets pointed up toward the skies,
A smile of transport beaming in their eyes,
The sun had kissed the tears of night away
And opened up to them the perfect day.
The brooklet whispered low a glad refrain,
Then danced across the meadow-land again.

Thus, when we walk in life's sequestered way
We meet with human violets every day;
Their eyes o'erflowing with the tears of night—
Their fond hearts breaking with a withering blight.
But when, through faith, they look toward the skies,
The tears of sorrow vanish from their eyes.

OLD MARTIN'S WHIM.

—OR—

The Fate of Years.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

IV.

MRS. ROYER'S DOMAIN—[CONTINUED.]

Mrs. Royer turned and called out to the retreating servant to stop, and she moved out in the direction he had gone. She fairly trembled with a species of anger at this "curious and impertinent interruption and intrusion of an utter stranger—a beggar and an inebriate," as she expressed it. She had hardly caught a glimpse of the old man's face, when a great crowd of young gentlemen at the end of the pavillion shut him out from her sight, and so she quickly made up her mind to call George and have the disturbing element removed at once.

Mr. Podgood's wit and ingenuity did not desert him here, for he turned upon the old man, offered him his arm, while another imitator of the Podgood school of wit, caught him by the collar of his brown coat and hustled him out of the pavillion with a flourish, Podgood saying: "Oh, it's no use to come here disguised as an old man; this isn't a masquerade party, old fellow!" and he looked back at the astonished party behind him and winked, as he disappeared.

Mr. Roberts, the satirist, looked as if he had been quenched, and smiled very bitterly.

Mrs. Royer said to the servant, breathlessly—excitedly:

"This kind of disorder must not occur in my house. See that it is put down. My, my—what does it mean! Take the old wretch to the servants' dining-room, see that he has plenty to eat and to drink; that is if he has not drank enough already."

"Oh, he's perfectly sober, ma'am!" responded George.

"I care not," she replied impatiently. "I cannot stand this, and yet it is a mysterious thing, I divine. See to it, George. Take him over—treat him as kindly as you can, and let him wait till I come. I will see him after awhile and hear what he wants. Now go."

Imperiously she uttered these last words, and returned to the pavillion flushed with anger.

Podgood and his companion, having proved themselves the heroes of the evening by having captured this ancient desperado, after their own fashion, and having delivered him to George, now returned to the pavillion and confronted the dazzle and noise of the scene as if nothing had happened.

Mrs. Royer was at her accustomed seat again, smiling and talking.

Mattie had left, and was in a group near the centre of the room.

"Some old beau of yours?" queried Mrs. Gaddalop, with a great smile, which it would be discourteous to call a grin.

"Ah!" replied Mrs. Royer, her face losing its flush, "this is an extraordinary affair, and I deeply regret it. I am sorry," she said, in a slightly louder tone, addressing the guests farther from her, "I am sorry that this has occurred, but it must not interfere with the pleasures of the evening. This comes of living in rural districts, where I never have any peace at all, for I am so constantly bothered with beggars and pedlars and all the *canaille* of the city, that it is no wonder that I am nervous sometimes at the very thought of all kinds of unpleasant things—murders, robberies, and the like. I am so worried about this affair that I do not know what to do."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Gaddolop, "he'll be handed to a policeman before long, and that's an end of it. Try this ice cream—it is so nice."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Royer, falling into a momentary abstraction.

"How well your daughter looks," said Mr. Gaddolop, who thought he had to say something as a *quid pro quo* for the viands he had devoured, was devouring, and was about to devour.

Mrs. Royer made no answer. She was moody and silent.

Then George came in by the rear door of the pavillion, approached his mistress, and said:

"He is over there. I gave him plenty. He's a droll old chap. Says his name is Martin Winthrop, and that God directed him on this errand in answer to his prayers, to find his lost child—his dear Carrie."

"I will see him," responded Mrs. Royer quietly.

V.

ENDERLY'S QUEST.

The young doctor seeing his forlorn patient staggering out into the drug store, naturally felt a little anxious about his errand, and after excusing himself to his patients, and telling them that he would return in a few minutes, he ran down to Mr. Rupert's, at the corner, and entered his shop. Martin was not there. Enderly saw him hobbling up the street.

"That old man," said the Doctor, "has just been in here, and I want to know what for."

"A directory," answered Rupert.

"Oh, ho! is that all?" rejoined Enderly. "Thank you."

And he hastened back to his patients, Rupert looking after him with an astonished smile, all the while thinking how deeply Martin Winthrop was possessed of the haunting idea of finding his child.

"Why the old chap forgets that I borrow Rupert's directory. He's really losing his memory," said the Doctor to himself. "But I really think he's bound on the same errand I am."

He went back to the office, and attended, one by one, to the wants of his callers during the office hours. He was for the nonce forgetful of old Martin, Carrie Holbrooke and her husband, and even Bessie—sweet-faced Bessie. He ministered to the ills of the suffering, religiously; nor did he slight any case which came before him ever, for he was an enthusiast in his profession, and a man who held the science of medicine to be one of the noblest of mortal callings. It was life to him to interest himself in saving a life. When everybody had been seen, heard, and responded to, Doctor Enderly, looking at his watch, saw that the period allotted to his proper office hours had expired by over half an hour. It was then twelve o'clock. So he went into his library instead of going to luncheon, and spent a good half hour in refreshing himself upon the diagnosis of mania, and then the thought of his venerable patient and of the faithful, pretty Bessie, came back to him.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, half aloud, "I mustn't fall in love with that girl! But why shouldn't I? There's a romance in all this Winthrop business, the like of which I never read, heard, or experienced—and now to seek this Holbrooke party!"

He returned, after an interval, to the office, and recurred to the open directory on his table.

"Joseph Holbrooke, banker and broker, 180 Medford Square, house 2020 Lapton Lane," he read aloud as he glanced upon the book. "So I have my bearings and my distances, and I do not think there will be any difficulty in tracing these parties. If I find that Joseph Holbrooke is the husband of Carrie Winthrop, and she is the daughter of Martin Winthrop, I shall be happy; if not, I must seek elsewhere."

In the afternoon, after a hasty luncheon, he told Joe that he would probably be absent until evening; that he had special business, and then he departed upon his quest.

Dr. Enderly's first point for investigation and inquiry was No. 180 Medford Square; so, taking a car, he was, after a short lapse of time, brought into the neighborhood of the bankers and brokers. But he had forgotten an important fact, and that was that it was now after office hours, and all these offices were necessarily closed for the day. He found 180 without any trouble, but the shutters were closed and the door shut. He rang the bell. The janitor appeared.

"This is Mr. Joseph Holbrooke's office, I see," he said to that personage, who had been sweeping the vestibule, and who, broom in hand, looked at the young physician wonderingly.

"Yes, sir, this is his office, but he's not in; he's gone for the day."

"I'm aware of that," said Enderly, but I want to know where he lives."

"Well sir, he lives in Lapton Lane, about ten miles from hereabouts. That is, he lives there sometimes—about once or twice a week he goes out there, but his house is in New York. He's only an agent for a New York house."

"Ah, indeed! I suppose he's here during the day though."

"Every day except Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, sir. This is Tuesday, so that you can't see him to-morrow either—'cause he's in New York."

"How do you know that?"

"Well, I don't know for sure. To tell you the truth, I can't tell you, indeed. He said something about going to New York to-morrow, just before he left this evening."

"And his wife, where is she?"

"She is wherever he is, sir. She comes down to the office in the afternoons, sir, and they goes out to the train together. But when he's in New York of course she follers him."

"Lapton Lane is ten miles from here, you say. Well now, I suppose I can reach it by the Branch Railroad?"

"That's it, sir. Get out at the first station, sir. That's the place. Walk about a quarter of a mile, and there you will find him. That is, if he's there, sir. But I'm afraid he won't be. There's a train leaves in an hour from now—somewhere on to four o'clock. No, no, about half-past four, sir. It's a half an hour's ride, and then you get out, and there you are, sir."

"Then I would reach there about five?"

"About five."

"I'm much obliged to you," said the Doctor, and he started down the steps, and dashed up the street with an impetuosity that seemed to shake the janitor, for he followed him to the step, mouth and eyes wide open, and he stood staring after the retreating doctor, with a most curious expression upon his countenance.

Enderly reached the depot, took the train in ample time, and in a little over thirty minutes found himself at Lapton Lane.

He didn't know exactly the direction he ought to go, and as there was no one near at that moment, he concluded to strike off into the very opposite way to that which he ought to have taken. After a considerable walk down the lane, he accosted a young girl who was standing at a gate, and asked her if she knew whence Mr. Holbrooke lived.

The girl did not know.

He then asked her where 2020 Lapton Lane could be found.

She replied:

"Oh, it's on the other side of the railroad, sir. You're going the wrong way."

The Doctor thanked her, and retraced his steps, and at last came into the very lane which bounded the Royer domain.

A multitude of carriages was passing, and the Doctor wondered where they were from. Stylish equipages of all sorts passed him as he jogged along straining his eyes for the sight of a guide who would lead him out of this vernal labyrinth. At length he came to a low stone wall with a green hedge upon its top; and this marked the environs of the garden party, and about the carriage gate a large throng was assembled watching the advent of the vehicles.

Enderly looked at his watch. It was already after six o'clock. He felt weary and vexed. He wondered why he had come upon a bootless errand, neglected his patients, and put himself out of temper in an "amateurish freak of philanthrophy," as he chose to express it. He asked one of the gaping crowd about the gate:

"What's going on here?"

"A party, sir."

"Whose place is this?"

"Mrs. Royer's, sir."

"Where's No. 2020 in this lane?"

"This is it."

"Is it possible? Mr. Holbrooke lives here then?"

"Sometimes he does, sir—sometimes he's away. I don't know whether he's here now or not."

"His wife lives here?"

"When he's here, I believe, sir."

"Who did you say owned this place?"

"Mrs. Royer."

"Does she know Mr. Holbrooke?"

The Doctor became as eagerly curious as a woman for these petty facts.

"She's his aunt, I believe?"

"So, so! Well, I must try to see her in that case."

Enderly went up the gravel walk between the huge carved stone pillars, which marked the entrance to the grounds, and was on his way towards the house when he was stopped by a servant, who asked him what he wanted.

"I wish to see Mrs. Royer, or Mr. or Mrs. Holbrooke."

"Mr. and Mrs. Holbrooke are not here. They are in New York. Mrs. Royer is engaged to-day, sir. She gives a party, and it is against my orders to allow any one to pass without a card."

"I come on business, man."

"I can't help that, sir. Them's my orders."

"Here is the only card I have," said the Doctor, handing the servitor one of his professional pasteboards. "Tell Mrs. Royer I wish to see her for only a moment."

"Can't do it, sir; I'm very sorry to disoblige."

"Take her my card, I tell you; or if you can't take it, send it. I'm not here on a fool's errand."

"I would if I could, sir; but positively I can't—indeed I can't, unless you have a card, sir; and besides, it's full dress, you know."

"Confound your impudence!" cried Enderly, growing excited. "I will see her myself."

And he pushed back the servant, and walked across the lawn in the direction of the house, when another liveried menial confronted him, and asked him to show his passport.

"I shall do nothing of the kind, fellow!" replied Enderly. "I come here on business, and I must see Mrs. Royer."

"It's against orders, sir; you can't go in."

"Here, take this card to your mistress. Say I want to see her."

This imperiously.

The dignified underling looked shocked as he glanced at the card as he took it, and then tossing it off into the air, exclaimed, with a sneer which made Enderly's blood boil:

"There's no admittance."

"The deuce there isn't," said Enderly. "Do you think I'm to be brow-beat by such as you? I must and will see the lady!"

He made a move to walk past the servant, when the latter touched him upon the arm, and cried:

"Stop, it's against the rules."

Enderly felt like knocking this insignificant being down, but he desisted, for the carriages were clustering near by, and a file of them was streaming in past him, and he did not care to expose his anger to the scrutiny of the coming guests. So he retreated, and passed the first servant again at the gate, who greeted him with a grin, and then emerged into the lane.

"By Jove they can't keep me out! I will find a way to get in come what may! The rascals! I'll use stratagem, and in less than a quarter of an hour will be face to face with this woman, and get the truth out of her concerning the Holbrooke people. By Jove I will! Hello there!" he cried to the driver of a cab which was just turning the entrance, "let me up, my man!"

He flourished a silver piece, as he spoke, before the driver's eyes.

"All right, sir," replied the driver, slacking his horses.

Enderly mounted upon the seat, and muttered:

"Now I'll be even with these people! I defy them to keep me out!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OLIVE LOGAN was in London the other day when the Queen appeared in state, and this is what she says about it: "The great traffic Piccadilly suspended by the uplifted fingers of a few policemen means that the red-coated riders are in sight. Presently we see them. It is a splendid sight: the scarlet coats, each with a broad band of crape on the left arm (the Queen has never suspended her private mourning for the Prince Consort, although the court observance has long since ceased,) the knee breeches and tops and cockaded hats, each man mounted on a horse fit for a prince's riding. Two outriders head the procession, trotting rapidly through the archways toward Buckingham Palace, behind them comes a large detachment of the Horse-Guards, then more outriders, and then the Queen's open carriage, drawn by four horses, two ridden and two by postillions. How they dance, these beautiful animals! Their movements are the perfection of equine grace; the crowd murmurs expressions concerning the beauty of these lovely beasts. I am so close to the Queen as she passes that I could offer her the nosegay of Parma violets and Devon primroses I hold in my hand, without moving a step forward. There is a hearty though not a ringing cheer among the crowd as she drives under the narrow archway. She responds to it by a grave and smileless inclination of the head, which contrasts, pole-like, with the flattered and graceful nodding poor Eugenie used to be prodigal of when she drove in the Champs Elysees or the Bois.

CURIOUS RESERVOIRS.—One of the hottest regions of the earth is along the Persian Gulf, where little or no rain falls. At Bahren the arid shore has no fresh water, yet a comparatively numerous population contrive to live there, thanks to the copious springs which burst from the bottom of the sea. The fresh water is got by diving. The diver, sitting in his boat, winds a great goat-skin bag around his left arm, the hand grasping its mouth; then he takes in his right hand a heavy stone, to which is attached a strong line, and thus equipped, he plunges in and quickly reaches the bottom. Instantly opening the bag over the strong jet of fresh water, he springs up the ascending current, at the same time closing the bag, and is hauled aboard. The stone is then hauled up, and the diver, after taking breath, plunges in again. The source of these copious submarine springs is thought to be in the green hills of Oman, some five or six hundred miles distant.

A woman may change her mind. A lady in Cleveland obtained a divorce from her husband on the ground of cruel and inhuman treatment, and now petitions to have the divorce declared void for the reason that she was mistaken.

There is one thing calculated to develop all the latent pedestrian ability a woman has in her, and that is to be caught out in a shower with her Sunday bonnet on, and no umbrella.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

The novelties in dresses, mantles and bonnets prepared for the present and the coming season possess so many distinctive charming and becoming features that they fully illustrate the unlimited taste and ingenuity which we attribute to those who rule over the dominion of fashion. Even the sombre-hued garb of mourning receives some brightening touches from fashion, which has revived the use of satin, and introduces so much jet, black and white lace, in trimmings for mourning.

A plain black gros grain silk is made with a plain undraped Empress back; a plastron of jet passementerie ornaments the front from the neck to the edge of the skirt. For deeper mourning, in which crepe is used, this plastron is composed of crepe, and extends down the back of the waist in V shape; a wide fold from twelve to eighteen inches wide trims the plain undraped back of the skirt. In black silk and lace an effective costume is produced by trimming the silk skirt with a wide flounce of black lace, on the bottom of which is a rever of handsome headed lace; a double rever forms a heading to the flounce. The scarf drapery is arranged in festoons across the front, each one trimmed with the headed lace. In the back they form a succession of sash ends of irregular lengths, edged by the headed lace.

In the mantle department the choice of novelties is very large. The paletot, so familiar to us during the winter, seems to have retired from the field, and its place is taken by the mantle, mantilla, and small capes with long ends tied in front. For trimming these, there is an endless variety of jetted and pressed or lamine fringes; those having jet are radiant with prismatic tints. A very stylish mantle of black silk has long, square, stole-like ends in front, each of which is divided into four pointed ends, which are ornamented with satin bows. The back is like a paletot, open up to the waist. The trimming consists of Irise passementerie and fringe. Another has a round surplice back with small sleeves cut into the back. The fronts are long and square at the ends. Quillings of lace, with a row of jet between, form the trimming.

That same taste and variety visible in other things has produced a long list of novelties to be admired in bonnets. Although I have discussed the subject quite at length on several occasions, each tour of inspection reveals something new. For trimming, satin, pearls and other beads, marabout and ostrich feathers compete with all the most exquisite treasures of the floral kingdom.

The Merveilleuse or Incroyable is an accurate copy of the bonnets worn during the French revolution. It has a square crown, and a wide brim, with strings which pass over the crown and brim and tie under the chin. A pretty style was shown in black chip, lined with black satin. A cluster of Jacqueminot roses with some black satin ribbon loops trimmed the top of the crown. Two ostrich tips curled over toward the front.

A novel shape, which was called the "Paysanne," was a small straw hat tied down at the ears with wide black lace strings, which form a fichu tied on the shoulders behind.

As the Summer season approaches, fashion will indulge more in her taste for fantastic, and the Leghorn in varied shapes will appear. The Leghorns which I have seen are trimmed with white ostrich feathers and white satin ribbon, forming full clusters of loops. The brim is turned up on one side of the front and held in place by the trimming.

The French modistes have designed some charming costumes suitable for different occasions, called forth by the French Exposition, but the short costumes seem to have been inaugurated by the elegantes with such success as to promise quite a reign of popularity. Almond, biege and pale light shades are the favorites. Among the variety of models which have appeared, those for young girls are made in the blouse shape, with pleated yoke bodice, and confined to waist with belt and buckle. It is quite necessary that the skirts in short costumes should be trimmed with more effect than a long dress, and consists of ruches, pleatings, fringes and quillings; the skirt should just touch the top of the heel of the boot, for if it touches the ground at all, raising it be comes a necessity. Worth has made some very effective and stylish short costumes, but not in the close, clinging shape, although in front they retain their close fitting form; at the back there are small paniers, or looping, in the drapery, something which produces the bunched-out effect, for it is considered much more becoming and graceful in the short costume. The Madrilena costume is Spanish in style, the material being black gauze. The skirt is trimmed with flounces embroidered in straw, and a tunic scarf of black satin is draped across the front in folds, as if the limbs were swathed in it; the ends are trimmed with fringe, one end falls on the left side, and the other forms the drapery in the back.

An exquisite toilette in black gauze, with satin stripes, has the skirt trimmed with a deep flounce edged with black lace with a row of Valenciennes lace underneath. A tunic opening in front, "a la Watteau," is trimmed with ruches of black lace, with Valenciennes underneath, and is looped to form small paniers in the back; the sleeves are demi-long, the corsage has a basque back and belted front, and is worn with a fichu of gauze trimmed with the same lace, and, crossing in front, the ends terminate at the belt.

A pretty fashion revived, is trimming with narrow flounces to the waist. The skirt is then made with a train, or queue. Another style has narrow pleatings all down the front, and three flounces in the back, each one headed by a band. Watered silk has been restored to fashionable popularity, and appears as a trimming of bands, or as an overdress.

The short costume has introduced many new and charming materials, which seem especially adapted for them. Many of them are figured in design, and in texture resemble a soft twilled foulard; these are made in the "Watteau" tunic shape, trimmed with lace, and draped to form paniers.

Mantilla scarfs of Spanish blonde will be much worn this Summer; also Alsatian fichus of China crepe embroidered, or of gauze, and edged with lace.

Other scarfs called "Donna Sol" are made of silk chenille in bright colors, and a new material, called Griffin, resembles Algerian, and is particularly adapted for scarfs and shawl fichus.

Our Fireside Chat.

(Our columns being frequently pressed for space, I am at times compelled to omit some of the inquiries and answers, but they will all receive prompt attention in their turn. If any of the readers of the Ladies' Department have any good recipes or suggestions interesting to the sex, I will be very glad to receive them for publication.—ED.)

The present season seems to have been very fruitful in bringing out new, and not very expensive materials, which can be utilized for embroidery suitable for dress, as well as home decoration. "Penelope canvas" with its design of huge flowers, or stiff and unnatural looking animals, the unworked surface being left to be filled in by the amateur worker with some colored wool, used to be the prominent feature of fancy work, the object being generally confined to either sofa cushions or slippers, beyond which the ambition of the worker rarely learned to stray. Under the wide-spreading influence of "Art," the needle has become as decorative as useful, opening an entirely new field to the worker, bringing to light all the treasures buried in the past, and creating new and beautiful objects for the needle to achieve. Penelope canvas is now banished in oblivion, while in its place we have such a variety of novelties in fancy work as to fairly fascinate the beholder, and create in all the desire to do something in "Art Needlework." Possessing the charms of originality, as well as artistic merit, it tends to create a love for the beautiful, and develops within us that artistic taste and skill which can produce the beautiful.

In the list of materials suitable for fancy work, the varieties of Java canvass have long been familiar; to this is added unbleached sheeting used for curtains, drilling and duck, hop sacking suitable for floor mats, canton flannel, which is now dyed in all the art shades, and is a favorite material for draperies; the worked design is in some large, bold pattern if worked in crewels, or it may consist of different colored cloths stitched or appliqued on either, forming some original design, or in horizontal bands at the top and bottom of the curtain. A thin gauze called "taramy," is very popular for thin curtains and overdresses, and is easily embroidered with crewels in some flowing pattern. Embossed, or stamped, velvet has the outline of the embossed design, embroidered in chain stitch in a contrasting color, or gold or silver thread, and is effectively used as a trimming for dresses, or for mantle draperies, curtains and panels. To the list may be added bunting, oatcake cloth, sacking, Turkey red cotton, foulard silk, and a stuff called silk cloth, having a silk surface and cotton back. A letter from abroad speaks of it as one of the most recent additions to the materials for embroidery, and in white it is so successful that it has been selected as the material for bridesmaid's dresses, the worked design to be wild flowers. As I have alluded to the subject of materials for house draperies, a few hints may prove acceptable to my readers.

There are velvet, plush, brocade, satin, waste or raw silk, all the varieties of heavy damask and Oriental fabrics, serge (which drapes so beautifully), baize, camel's hair cloth, blankets, oatcake cloth, canton flannel, to which I have before alluded.

In lighter textures, cretonnes have almost replaced the oldfashioned glazed chintz, and show the most artistic conceptions in their designs, Watteau scenes being produced with an effect almost equal to tapestry. Crash, unbleached sheeting, hop sacking, unbleached linen, twill and Java canvass in the ecru shades, make up charmingly with the design either worked in crewels or Appliqué.

With regard to color, the most popular are peacock from the deepest to the palest, golden and russet browns, sage greens, dull brick reds. As a rule, however, the curtains generally contrast with the wall paper, while portieres, or door draperies, though not necessarily of similar design and material, should accord with both. In patterns, running sprays are preferable to a scroll pattern. It should also be remembered that horizontal bands give greater breadth, while perpendicular lines add to the height of a low ceiling. Dados, formerly limited to portieres, are now applied to window curtains. A sage green serge has a 25-inch dado of peacock blue plush felled on, and the seam hidden with fancy stitches. Above is a space of about eight inches adorned with embroidery, then an equally broad band of plush.

In my next I will give some descriptions of embroidered curtains and other fancy work, which the limited space prevents in this number.

One of the prettiest styles of covering lamp shades is with colored silk, edging them with a frill of lace about two inches deep, put a ruche of silk with frayed-out edges above, and finishing off with a ribbon tied loosely round the neck, ending in a bow and ends. Those ladies who have the usual lamp shade of paper, or on a wire frame, can cover old ones, and make them most ornamental. The silk is put on either plain or plaited, with the edges neatly turned in. The ruche is made of the same silk, and should be full, about two inches wide. The ribbon bow and ends are about the same width, and should match the silk. Some shades are narrow at the neck, wider above, and still wider below, made to fit a lamp with a globe, or one without. If the wider end is turned upwards, the shade is used with the globe of the lamp on; but if the other end, with only the glass chimney. A ring of wire inside the shade keeps it on. The most fashionable colors are pale blue and pink, yellow, or red. Sometimes the red shades have a black ribbon tied around their necks.

There is a fashion now for decorating rooms with Japanese fans and screens, which are arranged above doors, round mirrors, etc. The round dried leaf one looks well, gilded, to hold in the hand before a hot fire. At a recent large dinner party the d'oyleys on the dessert plates were alternately of gold and silver net, which had a very light and delicate effect. Lace on the mantelpiece and round tables is sometimes now gilt and silvered.

Buns.—The inquiry of New Subscriber, for "buns," received a very good answer, but as a variety to one's list of good things is always acceptable, I send another recipe for making bath buns:

One and one-half cupfuls of butter, three-quarters cup of sugar, six eggs, a teaspoonful of baking powder, one pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls of extract of orange, or lemon, two cups of currants, washed picked and dried. Rub the butter and sugar to a cream, add the eggs, well beaten, sift the flour and powder together, then add it to the rest with the currants and extract. Bake in small tins, or in one pan, fifty minutes, in a moderate oven.—*Good Cook.*

Devilled Sardines.—In answer to Minto's inquiry, I send the following recipe, which I have found very desirable in preparing sardines or mackerel as a palatable relish for supper:

Split the fish down the back, and remove the bone, season well with mustard, black pepper, salt, and a little lemon juice; let them stand for a while—an hour if possible, and dip them in oil or melted butter; broil over a clear fire, and serve with fried parsley and cut lemon, or with gravy flavored with French mustard, mushroom catsup, or any sauce, a few chopped capers with a thickening of butter, flour and a little lemon juice. —*Kit-Kat.*

Black Grenadine.—I have had so many good suggestions from your contributors, I am glad to reciprocate by answering Homebody's inquiry how to clean black grenadines:

I take alcohol one part, water one part, and ammonia one-half the proportion, with a slight addition of gum arabic water. I sponge the grenadine thoroughly, and when wet, shake out as much as possible the moisture; when nearly dry press on the wrong side with a warm iron. I also add some very good suggestions for cleaning black cashmere and silk, which I think will be quite acceptable at this season, when we generally "make over" our black dresses worn during the Winter:

To Cleanse Black Silk or Cashmere.—After carefully ripping, brushing and shaking, put the costumere in a boiler, with soap bark, procurable at drug stores; cover it with cold water and let it gently boil for a while. Then rinse it in tepid water, well blued; squeeze it, but do not wring, and hang it in the shade to dry. When nearly dry, iron it between two cloths, to prevent any shiny appearance. In cleansing black silk, thoroughly brush it; then lay each piece on a table, and with a clean scrubbing brush and a solution of soap bark in warm water rub it well, afterward rinsing it in blue water; do not wring, let it drip; iron between cloths or roll it on a round stick, one piece at a time; a broom-handle will do, but first put cloth around the handle, or the first breadth will be watered, and let it remain until dry; silk treated in the latter way will look as good as new; five cents' worth of soap bark is sufficient for a skirt, and ten cents' worth for a dress.

The Fireside Chat has been of the greatest assistance to me in giving so much valuable and interesting information. I can only hope it will always be a feature of the "dear old Post."—*Old Subscriber.*

English Muffins.—Maida's inquiry for this recalls many pleasant recollections of the buttered toasted muffins and tea I have enjoyed in England, and I am glad to send the genuine recipe, which I hope she will makes success:

One quart of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one and one-quarter pints of milk, a pinch of sugar; sift together flour, salt, sugar and powder; add the milk and mix into a smooth batter, a little stiffer than for griddle cakes; heat the griddle thoroughly, grease it, then lay on the muffin rings, half fill them, and when risen to the top turn them with a cake turner. They should be a delicate brown, and when done are split; then toast delicately and butter them, serving them hot.—*Voyageuse.*

Will you publish my inquiry for potted shad. As it is in season now, the recipe would be acceptable to many, and oblige—*A Constant Reader.*

Can you tell me in the Fireside Chat of something which will remove stains and restore the color of woolen goods?—*Down South.*

The season of freckles has arrived, and as I am painfully susceptible to the sun's touches, won't you come to my rescue and tell me what will remove them?—*Schoolgirl.*

In answer to an inquiry, a contributor says that zinc should never be dampened. If it becomes soiled or dim, rub with a flannel and a little fresh lard, which will keep it fresh and bright looking.

ANSWERS TO ALL INQUIRERS.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—"Mother is Sick," "Kisses" "The War of Rivals."

N. A. (Bridgeport, N. Y.)—In the language of flowers the sweet william symbolizes craftiness.

SARAH H. (Louisville, Ky.)—Sarah is a name of Hebrew derivation, and means a princess. Maria is a name of Hebrew origin, the same as Mary, and means bitter.

HELEN B. (Phillips, Ark.)—We should surmise, from all you tell us, that the young gentleman is tenderly disposed towards you, but is somewhat too timid to declare himself.

J. G. B. (Franklin, Mass.)—A healthy person ought to perspire more or less, in proportion to the exertion which he may be making. Perspiration is a most wholesome safety-valve.

MARIAN, (Cornwall, Conn.)—It is somewhat young for a lady to be engaged at sixteen; but there are some young ladies who are almost women at sixteen, while others are like girls of fourteen.

FEARFUL, (Lamoinille, Va.)—The causes of epilepsy are various. In some it is hereditary; in others it arises from blows or injuries. It is very difficult of cure, but can by no means be said to be incurable.

SYBIL, (Northcutt, Mo.)—Windsor and honey soaps are about the best you can use. Never use a soap that makes the eyes smart if any of it happens to get in them. It shows that there is too much alkali in the soap.

DORRITT, (Mason, Ky.)—The milky way is a white track round the heavens caused by the intermingled rays of a vast number of fixed stars, apparently of small magnitude, which may be seen by the aid of a telescope.

ROSE, (Phila., Pa.)—In legal phrase the words factorize and garnish mean, when B has money or chattel property of A in his possession, C, a creditor of A, serves a legal warning on B not to allow the property to pass from his hands.

G. M. (Anson, N. C.)—It depends entirely on the disposition of a person. Some are so prim and sedate that at thirty they might well be termed "old maids;" whilst others of lively and cheerful dispositions never really deserve the name.

MADISON, (Kentucky.)—To get crayons for drawing purposes all that is necessary is to send to or call at a store that sells artists' materials. The cost would amount to comparatively little, but the exact sum you can learn by application as above.

F. (Ripley, Ind.)—When a person quits the actual scene where some great misfortune has happened, the effect may be to moderate the sense of grief; but we do not think it is absolutely necessary to leave the country on such an account; certainly not in the case of a love disappointment.

BRUNETTE, (Merrimack, N. H.)—A young lady in declining an offer of marriage need not be so very explicit as to say that she does not like the personal appearance of the gentleman; she need only say that she feels she does not love him and is resolved not to give her hand where she cannot give her heart.

B. G. (Phila., Pa.)—There seems to be little doubt that regattas were first held at Venice. Drummond says in his "Travels" that this diversion seems to have taken its rise from a custom introduced by the Doge Pietro Landi in the year 1559. This is generally taken as the date of the origin of the modern regatta.

ADDISON, (Des Moines.)—If you make the young lady an offer you must of course deal candidly with herself and her parents, and explain your actual position; it will then be for them to decide whether a long engagement can be permitted. Unless you become engaged to the young lady, you ought not to think of making her any presents.

A. M. (Butler, Pa.)—You over-estimate your own importance. By perpetually measuring what you are, by what you wish to be, and what you mean to be, you take away the satisfaction of the present, because it appears as nothing in comparison with the glowing and longed-for results of the future. It is no wonder that you are miserable.

J. (Sauk, Wis.)—You should have consulted your mother on the subject. It is always the part of wisdom for daughters to consult their mothers. This, however, you can rely upon, that a young gentleman who pays attention to two young ladies at the same time, must come far short of the popular idea of a manly fellow. Secretiveness and deception are utterly destructive to manliness.

HART, (Hancock, Me.)—Age is not always characterized by white hair, nor can we rely upon that test for that purpose; the teeth, perhaps, are better indicators, but in this we must exercise caution. Instances are recorded of the hair turning white in a single night; this was the case of Mary Queen of Scots and Lady Jane Grey. Lord Byron alludes to the changing of the hair from grief and trouble most feelingly in the poem of the "Prisoner of Chillon."

L. CHIGLER, (Excelsior, Minn.)—It is said that the "Mollie Maguires" in this country received their name from some sort of a political association in Ireland. The members of this latter when about to proceed to the business in hand, were in the habit of dressing as women to more effectually disguise themselves. On one occasion an individual was caught while in this guise, and with a view to being released gave his name as Mollie Maguire. From this circumstance the name arose.

E. SMITH, (New Haven, Conn.)—"Poor as a church mouse" is a very old saying, based probably on observation. It is sure to be thin and poor or half starved, because nothing is ever eaten in church save the sacramental bread, and the very crumbs of that were bound to be eaten by the priest. Hence one but half nourished was as poor as a church mouse that had no nourishment unless it nibbled, as no doubt it did and does, the choristers' gowns in the vestry and books that are left exposed.

P. K. (Wright, Minn.)—As a rule the distance to which sound may be heard depends upon its penetrating quality rather than upon its volume. The noise made by the fall of a building, though vast in quantity in the immediate vicinity, cannot be heard as far as the clear, piercing tone of a bugle. It is probable, therefore, that one clear human voice could be heard further than ten voices screaming in chorus; but if the ten voices were well attuned and should all sound the same pitch, they might be heard further than a single voice, which would be no more penetrating than any one of the ten.

M. N. N. (Southwark, Phila.)—It is customary for the friends and acquaintances of a newly-married couple, to pay visits and congratulation and compliment immediately after the return of the bride and bridegroom from their tour or journey. It is highly necessary that the bride should be fully prepared for this important occasion. Such friends and acquaintances whom she has been in the habit of associating with, and those who may feel desirous of being on terms of intimacy, will pay visits of ceremony. If it be desired to cultivate and maintain an acquaintance with the parties, it is a duty to return their visits.

ATHOS, (Balt., Md.)—It is a presumptuous thing to predict "what writers of the present day will be most familiarly known, and whose works will be most read, in the year 1978." In looking over an old history a few days ago we were struck with the glowing eulogiums it contained upon writers of that period, whose names are now utterly unknown to the multitude, and whose works are never seen except by some curious explorer of literary catacombs. In looking at a collection of a thousand baldes, who could certainly predict which of them would be the longest lived? It is the same with books. No one can tell how long the popularity of a book will last.

AMATEUR, (North Hampton, O.)—The art of legerdemain or juggling, or, to make use of the modern term, "prestidigitation," if it be an art—which having its acknowledged professors, it may be presumed to be—is not, like other arts, progressive and accumulative. We cannot say to what extent the art of conjuration was carried by the ancient Chaldeans or Egyptians, who, according to Diodorus Siculus and Agrippa, were the earliest adepts in the natural magic; but, judging from what has come within our immediate knowledge, the proficient in sleight-of-hand is little more expert now or better provided with feats of wonder than he was centuries ago.

SOUTH, (Phila., Pa.)—In common with many other of the most useful inventions, the origin of bridges is veiled in obscurity. By whom they were first built and in what manner the earliest bridges were constructed, are now mere matters of conjecture, and lie beyond the reach of authentic and chronological history. Tradition assigns the invention of bridges to Janus; and on several Greek, Italian, and Sicilian coins are representations of ships, crowns, and bridges occur in company with a Janus having two faces. There is no mention of a bridge in the Old Testament; and the oldest historical record of a bridge is that which Herodotus gives of the one constructed by Queen Nitocris over the Euphrates at Babylon.

J. K. K. (Phila., Pa.)—The name Shakespeare no doubt originated in the Norman or French edition of the double beloved-disciple name—(Jacques-pierre, James-peter, Jakespear)—of which it is composed; the initial J being pronounced sh, as in some other instances; namely, in Sherard for Gerard; Sheridan for Jeridan (old Jerry), Sheustone for Johnstone (Johnson), &c. With such a self-evident derivation before us, we may dispense with the unlikely reference to the shaking of a spear, which most probably had nothing to do with the origin of the name, when first invented; being only a suggestion from its accidental English form; though the idea once started the name may with some have seemed to be recommended by it.

DRUG CLERK, (Bucks, Pa.)—Aqua Tofana is the name of a poisonous liquid, which excited an extraordinary amount of attention at Naples at the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries. Tofana, a Sicilian woman, seems to have invented it. According to Lobat, after she had murdered many hundred men, she was strangled, although, on the discovery of her guilt, she fled to a convent. Keyssler, on the contrary, affirmed that she was alive in prison in 1730. The drink is described as transparent, tasteless water, of which five or six drops were fatal—producing death slowly without pain, inflammation, convulsion or fever. Gradual decay of strength, disgust of life, want of appetite, and constant thirst were the effects, which soon changed to an entire consumption. That the exact day of death could be predicted is a mere fable. The strangest stories with regard to its composition have gone abroad. A solution of crystallized arsenic seems to have been the chief ingredient, to which something else was added, probably to conceal the presence of it.

CONSTANT READER, (Phila., Pa.)—A "surprise party" originally meant where a number of ladies and gentlemen met at the house of one of the company and all went to some friend's without the latter's knowledge, to pass the evening or night in the pleasures usual to parties of such character. In being visited without any foreknowledge constituted the "surprise." As this plan however does not always work well, it is quite common now-a-days to inform the occupants of the houses where it is intended to take the party beforehand, in order that they may be prepared. Still this can be done and is done in such a way that none outside of the manager or managers of the party will know anything about it, and therefore to all intents and purposes it is still a "surprise" party. 2. In cases where a number of young ladies give a party it is customary for them to bear all the expenses and to invite the g